

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {
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VOL. CCLXXIV.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

TWO SONGS FROM THE IRISH.

I.

SHE.

The white bloom of the blackthorn, she,
The small sweet raspberry-blossom, she,
More fair the shy, rare glance of her
eye,
Than the wealth of the world to me.

My heart's pulse, my secret, she,
The flower of the fragrant apple, she,
A summer glow o'er the winter's
snow,
'Twixt Christmas and Easter, she.

II.

HOPELESS LOVE.

Since I know.
Hopeless of thy love I go;
Since from me each dear delight
takes flight:—

Ere we end
Ways we might together wend,
Ere thy light from out mine eyes
dies;

Give some sign,
One regretful thought was thine,
Lest I count my story told
overbold.

For I hold
Time may yet some joy unfold,
Joy such as the lifelong blind
find;

If entwined
In the fabric of the mind,
Dwells the memory of thy tear,
Dear.
Eleanor Hull.

The Nation.

TRANSCENDENCE.

Within Thy sheltering darkness spin
the spheres;
Within the shaded hollow of Thy
wings.
The life of things,
The changeless pivot of the passing
years—
These in Thy bosom lie.

Restless we seek Thy being; to and
fro

Upon our little twisting earth we go:
We cry, "Lo, there!"

When some new avatar Thy glory does
declare,

When some new prophet of Thy friend-
ship sings,

And in his tracks we run
Like an enchanted child, that hastes
to catch the sun.

And shall the soul thereby
Unto the All draw nigh?
Shall it avail to plumb the mystic
deeps

Of flowery beauty, scale the icy steeps
Of perilous thought, Thy hidden Face
to find,

Or tread the starry paths to the utmost
verge of the sky?

Nay, groping dull and blind
Within the sheltering dimness of Thy
wings—

Shade that their splendor flings
Athwart Eternity—

We, out of age-long wandering, but
come

Back to our Father's heart, where now
we are at home.

Evelyn Underhill.

The Nation.

DAYS TOO SHORT.

When primroses are out in Spring,
And small, blue violets come be-
tween;

When merry birds sing on boughs
green,

And rills, as soon as born, must sing;

When butterflies will make side-leaps,
As though escaped from Nature's
hand

Ere perfect quite; and bees will
stand

Upon their heads in fragrant deeps;

When small clouds are so silvery white
Each seems a broken rimmed moon—
When such things are, this world too
soon,

For me, doth wear the veil of Night.

W. H. Davies.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC OF CHINA.

With Yuan Shih-kai acknowledged as Provisional President by both the north and the south, by Peking and Nanking alike, "The Great Republic of China," as it is called by those who have been mainly instrumental in bringing it into being, appears to have established itself, or at least it enters upon the first definite stage of its existence; thus opens a fresh volume, of extraordinary interest as of incalculable importance, in the history of the Far East—it is easy to say that much, and, indeed, the remark is already almost trite. It is clear that the China of to-day is not quite the China of, say, even twenty years ago; but is the world face to face with a New China, practically a nation born in a day, to quote the Scriptural phrase, or with essentially the Old China, altered somewhat on the surface but unchanged underneath? The hopes of some, the fears of others, inspire an affirmative answer to the former question, while a considerable number of observers, to whom the East is always the Changeless East in spite of the crucial instance of Japan, reply in the negative, and maintain that to all intents and purposes China remains the same. The truth, as is so often the case in widely conflicting views, lies in the middle, taking something from both sides; it is a Changing rather than a Changed China the world is called on to envisage, and the change will continue in one way or another, no matter what the form of China's Government may be, for it is written in the nature of things, until it affects the whole mass of China, to the poorest and meanest of its "stupid people."

Even in the days of the great and autocratic Dowager Empress, Tzu Hsi, who had no love for "reform," but knew how to accept and adapt herself to the situation, it was evident that a

change, deeply influencing the political life and destinies of China, was in process of development. After her death, some four years ago, the force and sweep of this momentous movement were still more apparent—it took on the character of something irresistible and inevitable; the only question was whether the change would be accomplished by way of evolution—gradual, orderly, and conservative—or by revolution, or a series of revolutions, probably violent and sanguinary, and perhaps disastrous to the dynasty and the country. The events of the last few months have supplied the answer—at any rate, to a certain extent. A successful revolution has taken place, in which, it is true, many thousands have been killed, but which on the whole has not been attended by the slaughter and carnage that might have been anticipated considering the vastness of the country and the enormous interests involved—actual warfare gave way to negotiations conducted in a spirit of moderation and of give-and-take on the part of all concerned; the Manchu dynasty has collapsed, though the "Emperor" still remains as a quasi-sacred, priestly personage, and the princes have been pensioned off; the Great Republic of China has come into being, albeit it is in large measure inchoate and, as it were, on trial. China has long been the land of rebellions and risings, and it is hardly to be expected that the novel Republican form of Government, however well constructed, intensioned, or conducted, will escape altogether from internal attacks. And nearly everything has yet to be done in organization.

General surprise has been expressed at the comparative ease and speed with which the revolutionary movement has attained success in driving the Man-

chus from power and in founding a Republican *régime*. The factor which chiefly contributed to this success was undoubtedly the weakness of the Manchu dynasty and of the Imperial Clan, who, hated by the Chinese and without sufficient resources of their own, were utterly unable to offer any real resistance to the rebellious provinces of the south, the loyalty of their troops being uncertain, and any spirit or gift of leadership among themselves having disappeared with the passing of the great Tzu Hsi in 1908. But it is a mistake to imagine that the idea of a Republican form of Government in place of the centuries-old, autocratic, semi-divine Monarchy, was something that had never been mooted before and was entirely unknown to the Chinese. To the great majority, no doubt, it was, if known at all, something strange and hardly intelligible, as it still is. But in the south, especially on and near the coast, it had been familiar for some time; among the possibilities of the future it was not unknown even to the "Throne." Fourteen years ago, after the *coup d'état* by which Tzu Hsi smashed the reform movement that had been patronized by the Emperor Kuang Hsu, the then Viceroy of Canton stated in a memorial to her that among some treasonable papers found at the birthplace of Kang Yu-wei, the leading reformer of the time, a document had been discovered which not only spoke of substituting a Republic for the Monarchy, but actually named as its first President one of the reformers she had caused to be executed. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that the idea has been imported into China comparatively recently; the Chinese language contains no word for republic, but one has been coined by putting together the words for self and government; it must be many years before the masses of the Chinese—the "rubbish people," as Lo Feng-lu, a

former Minister to England, used to call them—have any genuine understanding of what a republic means.

The Manchus were in power for nearly two hundred and seventy years, and during that period there were various risings, some of a formidable character, against them and in favor of descendants of the native Ming dynasty which they had displaced; powerful secret organizations, such as the famous "Triad Society," plotted and conspired to put a Ming prince on the throne; but all was vain. It had come to be generally believed that the race of the Mings had died out, but a recent dispatch from China speaks of there still being a representative in existence, who possibly might give serious trouble to the new republic. In any case, for a long time past the Mings had ceased to give the Manchus any concern; the pressure upon the latter came from outside the empire, but that in its turn reacted profoundly on the internal situation. The wars with France and England had but a slight effect on China; though the foreign devils beat it in war, it yet despised them; the effect of the war with Japan, in 1894, was something quite different, beginning the real awakening of China and imparting life and vigor to the new reform movement which had its origin in Canton, the great city of the south, whose highly intelligent people have most quickly felt and most readily and strongly responded to outside influences. Regarded by the Chinese as at least partially civilized, the Japanese were placed in a higher category than the Western barbarians, but as their triumph over China was attributed to their adoption of Western military methods and equipment, the more enlightened Chinese came to the conclusion that however contemptible the men of the Western world were, the main secret of their success, as of that of Japan, was open enough, and also

that Western learning and modes of government and organization must be studied and copied, as Japan had studied and copied them, if the Celestial Empire was to endure. It was a case on the largest scale of self-preservation, and some part, at least, of the truth was glimpsed by the Throne itself.

But China was, and in spite of recent developments still remains in most respects, an intensely conservative country, and the reform movement encountered from the start the most determined opposition. The Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi had handed over the reins of government to the Emperor Kuang Hsu, a young prince of good intentions but of feeble health and no great strength of character, unfitted, as events soon proved, to control the empire in these critical times, but who had come to believe that reform was desirable, and was willing to try to give it effect. After consultation with Kang Yu-wel, whose learning had given him the title of the Modern Sage, Liang Chi-chao, the editor of *Chinese Progress*, and other reformers whom he had summoned from the south, the Emperor issued various edicts which commanded the immediate adoption by his subjects of a great programme of reforms, affecting nearly every department of the State, but chiefly education and the army. These measures at once aroused the fiercest hostility amongst the conservative Chinese; the Dowager Empress, who had been watching what was going on, was appealed to, and the result was the *coup d'état*, the imprisonment and practical dethronement of the Emperor, and the cancelling of the reforming edicts. She thought he had gone too fast and too far, and, besides, she had satisfied herself, it is said, that the reform movement was largely anti-dynastic; what is certain is that almost from its inception the movement embraced two parties, one seeking a constitutional development

and the other a republican, and to her autocratic temper the former was hardly less objectionable, less "impious," than the latter. For two or three years the forces of reaction were in the ascendant at Peking, and Western learning and everything that was Western or savored of reform were proscribed. The revolt of the conservatives against the Westernization of China found a militant expression in the anti-foreign Boxer rising, but its defeat and total collapse sealed the fate of the reaction and led Tzu Hsi to reconsider the situation. Parenthetically, it may be noted that southern China took little or no part in the Boxer outbreak, being kept well in hand by a strong and able Viceroy, the late Chang Chih-tung, himself a progressive, but of a conservative type.

Tzu Hsi made up her mind to reverse her policy, and henceforward sought both to conciliate foreigners and to make reforms, to the necessity for which she could no longer shut her eyes. Encouraged and supported by her chief advisers, amongst whom Yuan Shih-kai came into prominence, she took some tentative steps in the direction of reform, but the event, or rather series of events, which made her and the Chinese understand that not only was reform necessary but must take place as quickly as possible in the circumstances, was the Russo-Japanese War. That war, waged in its own territory though it had no share in the actual conflict, but won by Easterns against Westerns after as tremendous fighting as the world had ever seen, completed the awakening of China. The conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, which amongst other things guaranteed the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire, gave a breathing space, an opportunity for developing and carrying out the new policy of the Dowager Empress; it was in process of fulfilment when she died in

1908. The chief features of the latter portion of the reign of this wonderful woman were the spread of Western learning throughout a considerable part of the empire, the rise and amazing growth of a vernacular Press, the birth of something approaching a genuinely national spirit and sentiment notwithstanding the constant and ages-old rivalries and jealousies of the provinces, and, above all, the demand and ever-increasing agitation for a constitution and representative forms of government. Something, but not much, was heard of a republic while Tzu Hsi lived; before her death the principle of a constitution, with a national parliament and provincial assemblies, had been accepted by the Throne—with reservations limiting the spheres of these representatives bodies, retaining the supreme power in the Throne, and in the case of the national parliament delaying its coming into existence for a term of years.

By Tzu Hsi's commands, the Throne passed at her death into the hands of a sort of commission; a child of two years of age, a nephew of Kuang Hsu, called Pu Yi, became Emperor under the dynastic name of Hsuan Tung; his father, Prince Chun, was nominated Regent, but was ordered to consult the new Dowager Empress, Lung Yu, the widow of Kuang Hsu, and to be governed by her decisions in all important matters of State. Prince Chun, amiable in disposition but weak and vacillating in character, and not always on the best of terms with Lung Yu, began well; one of his first acts was to assure President Taft, who had written entreating him to expedite reforms as making for the true interests of China, that he was determined to pursue that policy. Among those who had suggested reforms to Tzu Hsi, often going far beyond her wishes or plans, but who steadily supported her in all she did in that direction, the leading man

was Yuan Shih-kai; with the possible exception of Chang Chih-tung, the Viceroy of Hunan and Hupeh, mentioned above, Yuan Shih-kai had become the greatest man in China, and even as he had advised and supported Tzu Hsi, so he advised and supported Prince Chun at the commencement of the Regency. But the prince had received an unfortunate legacy from his brother, the Emperor Kuang Hsu, who, believing that Yuan Shih-kai had betrayed him to Tzu Hsi at the time of the *coup d'état*, had given instructions to Prince Chun that if he came into power he was to punish Yuan for his treachery. At the beginning of 1909 the Regent dismissed Yuan on an apparently trivial pretext, but everyone in China knew the real reason for his fall, and not a few wondered that his life had been spared. It is idle to surmise what might have happened if his services had been retained by the Throne all the time, but who could have imagined that so swift and almost incredible an instance of time's revenges was in store—that within barely three years Yuan Shih-kai would be the acknowledged head of the State, and Prince Chun and all the Manchus in the dust?

Representative government of a kind started in 1909 with the establishment of provincial assemblies; elections were held, and assemblies met in most of the provinces. In the following year a senate or imperial assembly was decreed by an imperial edict; its first session was held in Peking in October of that year, and was opened by the Regent; one of the first things the assembly did was to memorialize the Throne for the rapid hastening on of reforms, and in response an edict was issued announcing the formation of a national parliament, consisting of an Upper and a Lower House, within three years. Under further pressure the Throne in May of last year abolished the Grand Council and the Grand Sec-

retariat, and created a Cabinet of Ministers, after the Western model. But the agitation continued and went on growing in intensity; still it sought nothing apparently but a development of the constitution, and at least on the surface was neither anti-dynastic nor republican. An anti-dynastic outburst at Changsha, Hunan, in 1910, was easily suppressed, and certainly gave no indication of what was so soon to take place. So late as September of last year a rising on a considerable scale in the province of Szechuan was not anti-dynastic, but was declared by the rebels themselves to be directed against the railway policy of the Government. The best hope for China lies in a wide building of railways; the Chinese do not object to them, but, on the contrary, make use of them to the fullest extent where they are in existence; they do not wish, however, the lines to be constructed with foreign money, holding that such investments of capital from without might be regarded as settling up liens on their lands in favor of outside Powers—how far they can do without outside capital is another matter. Then the whole question of railway-building involved the old quarrel between the provinces and the central government—which is another way of saying that the provinces did not see why all the spoils should go to Peking.

A month after the rebellion in Szechuan had broken out, the great revolution began, and met with the most astonishing success from the very outset. Within a few weeks practically the whole of southern China was in the hands of the revolutionaries, and the Throne in hot panic summoned Yuan Shih-kai from his retirement to its assistance; after some hesitation and delay he came—but too late to save the dynasty and the Manchus, though there is no shadow of doubt that he did his best and tried his ut-

most to save them. With Wuchang, Hankau, and Hanyang—the three form the metropolis, as it may be termed, of Mid-China—in the possession of the revolutionaries, and other great centres overtly disaffected or disloyal, the Regent opened the session of the national assembly, and it forthwith proceeded to assert itself and make imperious demands with which the Throne was compelled to comply—this was within a fortnight after the attack on Wuchang that had begun the revolution. On November 1st the Throne appointed Yuan Shih-kai Prime Minister, and a week later the national assembly confirmed him in the office; he arrived in Peking on the thirteenth of the month, was received in semi-regal state, and immediately instituted such measures as were possible for the security of the dynasty and the pacification of the country. But ten days before he reached Peking the Throne had been forced to issue an edict assenting to the principles which the national assembly had set forth in nineteen articles as forming the basis of the Constitution; these articles, while preserving the dynasty and keeping sacrosanct the person of the Emperor, made the Monarchy subject to the Constitution and the Government to Parliament, with a responsible Cabinet presided over by a Prime Minister, and gave Parliament full control of the Budget.

Here, then, was the triumph of the constitutional cause, and Yuan Shih-kai and most of the moderate progressive Chinese would have been well satisfied with it if it had contented the revolutionaries of the south, but from the beginning they had made it plain that they were determined to bring about the abdication of the dynasty, the complete overthrow of the Manchus, and the establishment of a Republican form of Government, nor would they lay down their arms on any other terms. In a short time Yuan Shih-kai saw that

the revolutionaries were powerful enough to compel consideration and at least partial acquiescence in their demands. It cannot be thought surprising that the proposed elimination of the hated Manchus from the Government was popular, yet it must seem remarkable that the revolutionary movement was so definitely republican in its aims, and as such achieved so much success. But while there had been little open agitation in favor of a republic, the ground had been prepared for it to a certain extent by a secret propaganda. The foreign-drilled troops of the army were disaffected in many cases and were approached with some result; the eager spirits of the party in the south, where practically the whole strength of the movement lay, formed an alliance with certain of the officers of these troops. No sooner was the revolution begun than a military leader appeared in the person of Li Yuan-hung, a brigadier-general, who had commanded a considerable body of these foreign-drilled soldiers, and was supported by large numbers of such men in the fighting in and around Wuchang-Hankau. That the revolutionaries, who were chiefly of the student class, and not of the "solid" people of the country, were able to enlist the active co-operation of these officers and their troops accounts for the quick and astonishing success of the movement. And at the outset, whatever is the case now, many of the solid people—magistrates, gentry, and substantial merchants—also endorsed it.

Towards the end of November the revolutionaries captured Nanking, a decisive blow to the imperialists, and this former capital of China became the headquarters of a Provisional Republican Government. Soon afterwards, through the good offices of Great Britain, a truce was arranged between the north and south. Yuan Shih-kai was striving with all his might to re-

tain the dynasty as a limited monarchy, but coming events cast their shadow before in the resignation of the Regent early in December. Negotiations went on between Yuan, who was represented at a conference held in Shanghai by Tang Shao-yi, now Premier, an able and patriotic man and a *protégé* of his own, and the revolutionaries, but the leaders of the latter made it clear that there could be no peaceful solution of the situation short of the abdication of the dynasty and the institution of some form of republic. At the end of December Dr. Sun Yat-sen, whose striking and romantic story is well known, was appointed Provisional President by Nanking; in January he published a manifesto to the people of China, bitterly attacking the dynasty, promising that the republic would recognize treaty obligations, the foreign loans and concessions, and declaring that it aimed at the general improvement of the country, the remodelling of the laws, and the cultivation of better relations with the Powers.

Meanwhile, the Dowager Empress and the Manchu princes had discussed the position of affairs with Yuan Shih-kai, and the question of the abdication of the dynasty was under consideration, but though the situation was desperate there were some counsels of resistance. What finally made opposition impossible was the presentation to the Throne in the last days of January of a memorial, signed by the generals of the northern army, requesting it to abandon any idea of maintaining itself by force. This settled the matter. No other course being practicable, terms were agreed to between Peking and Nanking, and on February 12th imperial edicts, commencing for the last time with the customary formula, were issued from the capital giving Yuan Shih-kai plenary powers to establish a Provisional Republican Government, and to confer with the Provisional Re-

publican Government at Nanking, approving of the arrangements which had been made for the Emperor and the imperial family, and exhorting the people to remain tranquil under the new régime. These edicts will remain amongst the most remarkable things in history, and it cannot be said that the passing of the Manchus was attended by any want of that ceremonious calmness and dignity for which China is famed. Two or three days later Sun Yat-sen in a disinterested spirit resigned, and Yuan Shih-kai was unanimously elected President by the Nanking Assembly; Yuan accepted the office, and thus north and south were united in "The Great Republic of China." At the end of March progress in the settlement of affairs was seen in the formation of a Coalition Cabinet comprising Ministers of both the Peking and the Nanking Governments, those selected being men with a considerable knowledge of Western life and thought, as, for instance, Lu Cheng-hsain, the Foreign Minister, who has lived many years in Europe and speaks French as well as English. A further advance took place on April 2nd, when the Nanking Assembly agreed by a large majority to transfer the Provisional Government to Peking, which thus resumed its position as the capital of the country and the centre of its Administration.

Among the causes which contributed to the success of the revolution were the inability of the north to obtain loans from outside, and the pressure, both direct and indirect, exerted upon both parties by foreign Powers. Both of these causes were important, the latter especially so. The action of Russia with respect to Mongolia, and of Japan with regard to Manchuria, alarmed patriotic Chinese, led them to fear that foreign interference might not be confined to these territories, and to dread that the result would be the dis-

integration of the country. Under the Manchus they had seen the loss of Korea, the Liaotung, Formosa, and, in a sense, of Manchuria itself; they were apprehensive of German designs in Shantung, of Japanese in Fuhkien. The feeling that the country was in danger helped both sides to be of one mind. But the pressure from the outside was not all of this sinister sort; friendly representations from the genuinely well-disposed Powers did a good deal to bring the combatants to a mutual understanding. But throughout the revolution, as in the final result, the great outstanding, commanding figure was Yuan Shih-kai himself. Evidently a man of great gifts, he knew how and when to yield and how and when to be firm; the compromise which solved the situation—at all events, for the time—was mostly his work; statesman and patriot, he saved his country. And it will always redound to his credit that he cannot be charged with faithlessness to the Manchus, for he did all that was possible for them, standing by them to the last. By retaining the "Emperor" as the priestly head of the nation, *pater patriæ* according to Chinese ideas, he has left something to the Manchus and at the same time contrived that the Republican form of Government shall bring as slight a shock to "immemorial China" as can be imagined.

What does this "immemorial China"—meaning thereby the great bulk of the Chinese, the un-Westernized Chinese—think of the republic? In other words, is the republic likely to last? What sort of republic will it probably be, viewing the situation as it stands? At one of the early stages of the revolution Yuan Shih-kai stated that only three-tenths of his countrymen were in favor of a republic—in itself, however, a considerable proportion of the population; now that the republic is in existence, will it be accepted tranquilly

by the rest? The majority of these people are the inoffensive and industrious peasants of the interior, who have long been accustomed to bad government; as they will scarcely find their lot harder now, they will probably quietly accept the new order, unless some radical change is made affecting their habits of life, which is unlikely. Some of the old conservative gentry are opposed to the republic, but now the Manchu dynasty is gone, who or what can they suggest in its place that would be received favorably by the country? The descendant of the Mings? Or the descendant of Confucius?

The Fortnightly Review.

Neither seems a likely candidate in present circumstances. For it may very well be the case that as the revolution has been so largely military, and parts of the army need careful handling, as the recent riots in Peking showed, the Republican Government will assume something of a distinctively military character, and Yuan Shih-kai, as its head, be in a position not very different from that of a military dictator—as Diaz was in Mexico. The republic will, of course, have its troubles, and serious ones enough, to face, but the balance of probabilities certainly suggests its lasting awhile.

Robert Machray.

THE SUFFRAGE DANGER.

Few are the quarrels or disputes which do not tempt the onlooker who loves fair play to hold aloof, because he thinks he sees right on both sides; as soon, however, as the contest reaches an acute stage and there seems to be danger ahead, it becomes that onlooker's duty to support the side on which he sees the greater right.

The struggle concerning Woman's Suffrage has now reached a stage which obliges every thinking woman, however little there may be in her of party-spirit, to come forward and show what she holds to be the truth of the matter, without heatedly discussing points, without entering into any kind of hand to hand scuffle. We do not need polemics, but we do need to get at the mind of the silent majority.

A few determined and courageous women in pursuit of an ideal which, be it false or true, is to them sacred, have carried along with them a vast number of impressionable, thoughtless, ignorant, inexperienced, ambitious or unbalanced followers, who are furiously waging war against ideals equally

sacred to a still greater number of women.

The question at issue is apparently whether woman should or should not be given a voice in the affairs of the nation; and, if we do not look below the surface of the matter, it seems reasonable enough that she should have the vote she asks for. Indeed, why not? There are more women than men in the British Isles; why should the majority never be consulted? Miss B. has a house and garden, she is a ratepayer of mature age and experience, keen on all matters social and political; why should her gardener vote and not she? Mrs. F. over the way is an honest, sound, capable woman; why has she not as good a right to the poll as her husband, whose interest in national affairs only comes to life at election time over a pot of beer? Why should all the laws be made by men? Why should women suffer themselves to be legislated for, as it were, by beings who cannot understand all their needs?

There seems no valid reason why woman should not vote. The average

woman has surely no worse right to support a candidate of which she knows nothing than the average man; no worse right to be led this way or that by a skilful canvasser, a lying poster or a clever speech. After all, what more than this does the possession of a vote amount to? If women were to obtain the franchise to-morrow, and nothing beyond the franchise, it would merely serve to swell the bulk, already unwieldy and unsatisfactory, of ignorant and gullible material at the disposition of the demagogue.

But the whole question of Woman's Suffrage rests on something deeper than the point at issue. No suffragist is really fighting heart and body for the doubtful advantage of going to the polling-booth; she is fighting for the ideal which that act symbolizes, the new ideal of womanhood. The actual question is not therefore whether women shall vote or no, but whether the new ideal of which Votes for Women is the battle-cry shall be allowed victory over the old ideal: whether it is good for the country, for man, for woman, for humanity in general, that the old ideal should cease to be.

The modern woman is not really asking for rights she never had before; she is only asking for them in another form. Nobody seriously doubts that women are capable of taking part in the management of human affairs; for good or for evil they have always done so; but they have done so unofficially, secretly, in apparent passivity. History is full of the ghosts of women, shadowy figures that flit invisibly among the actors of each scene. The women of the past were mostly content to have influence without seeming to have it; their ambitions were of a subtler kind than ours. Behind the present passionate unrest stands the ideal of an unsexed womanhood, pining to show her strength, no longer satis-

fied to feel it, asking to seem rather than to be, burning to exchange veiled powers, of which somehow she has lost the secret, for common, obvious, tangible rights.

Many causes and effects acting in vicious circles have brought about these changes. Anarchy has breathed in the face of the world, rebellion is everywhere; the Church has lost its hold on men and women alike; discipline is no longer believed in, duty no longer preached; vague and false notions of equality are setting youth against age, inexperience against wisdom, class against class, sex against sex. The whole scheme of female education has changed; the presence of a million superfluous women in the British Isles has strengthened the position of the spinster; young girls no longer dream exclusively of love; marriage is going out of fashion, motherhood is avoided, the home has ceased to be woman's acknowledged stronghold; where her pride and activity once held sway together, she has been swept aside by the power of the certified teacher, of the trained nurse, of the supply store, the hotel. This gradual breaking up of the home has set loose upon the highways a host of faculties, energies, and ambitions which once found ample scope and satisfaction within doors—exiled forces which must now go begging elsewhere. The good wife, the devoted mother, the homemaker, are giving place to the student, the open-air girl, the business woman, the ambitious worker in fields where man once stood alone. Competition and rivalry between man and woman have thus come into being; woman has ceased to care for the protection of man's arm; she has set herself beside him, elbow to elbow, ready, if need be, to elbow him out of her way; she is perfectly willing to stand alone, to find her own pathway, to fight her own fight.

"Votes for Women" therefore means a good deal more than simply votes for women; it must be taken as the voice of an immense desire for self-expression in new ways, a desire reaching far beyond the possession of a vote; any one with the slightest power of looking ahead must foresee that the fearless rebels now leading their gallant band to the conquest of the ballot-box will never rest content with the empty privilege they ask for; no mere vote will satisfy the rebel woman; we shall see her presently upon the hustings; a little later she will burn to represent her sex in Parliament.

All this would be a foregone conclusion if the women who are now clamoring to exchange fetters, of which they have forgotten the meaning, for a freedom of which they are yet to learn the limitations, were indeed the spokeswomen of their whole sex. But is it true that the whole of womanhood is in rebellion against past usages? Is it even true that all our rebels are touched to the very core? A band of village children running after a showman are not changed in heart because excitement and imitation carry them away unmindful of their mother's voice. We need not conclude, perhaps, that the whole of womanhood has suffered metamorphosis because a certain number of exceptional women are drawing a fascinated crowd in pursuit of new horizons.

Most women, if we could reach their inmost thoughts, would probably be found convinced that things are best as they are, that if laws once framed for their protection are now a little narrow it would be wiser to alter them slowly and soberly; most women would realize that they have drawbacks, physical and natural, which, rightly interpreted, guide them to the proper use of their peculiar faculties; they know what their proper work is in the world, and what is man's proper work; they

know too that if they want their men to be true men, they themselves must be true women. Only thus can the world's business be accomplished.

We are too apt to lose sight of the fact that humanity is in the bulk normal. The newspapers have a way of bringing the abnormal to our daily knowledge, causing us often to forget that most human lives follow a common cause. Good legislation is founded upon the necessity of keeping as many men and women as possible along the course most likely to lead to the well-being of the majority. It is impossible that any change in the position of women should be good which is not in accordance with the unalterable needs of womankind in general; and because what is not good for woman is consequently evil for man and for the State, it becomes our duty to place the welfare of the community before the desires of any exceptional group of individuals.

A certain number of women are doomed to remain single, are driven to do man's work; but we must not legislate merely in the interests of the abnormal minority. The woman who is neither wife, mother, nor home-maker is abnormal; considered as a woman, she is a failure; however great her value in other ways, it is not of such units that a nation is upbuilt. The national unit is indeed neither man nor woman singly, but man and woman together, more particularly that union between the two which finds expression in the home. Whatever tends to weaken this unit, to destroy collaboration between man and woman, is evil, and must be fought as a public danger.

Woman and man are not equal in anything but in the value of that difference between them which makes each indispensable to the complete development of the other. Where one is strong the other is weak, where one is blind the other sees, where one fails

the other wins. We need each other; but we need each other's difference, not each other's similarity. Our common life is most rich, most powerful, when we best understand how to value each other's peculiar excellence, how to reinforce our unlike strengths by a wise division of labor. This division of labor has been defined so clearly by a physical law that it seems inconceivable we should ever have been able to stray far from the understanding of what is symbolized by the separate powers and separate duties that mark parenthood.

Every now and again in the history of human development we find men and women rejecting some ideal as worthless which is probably only worthless because they have failed to live up to it. This is like rejecting Christ because a church is stagnant or corrupt. The ideal that shines behind marriage need not be cast aside because the bond of interchange has lost too much of its strength and of its sweetness. It will remain an ideal so long as civilization tends towards order and away from chaos. We have seen the marriage tie adhered to ignobly, nobly broken; we have known it to be the source of great wrongs, of wrecked lives, of tragic grief to the individual; yet we all acknowledge it to be an ideal that we may not renounce. It means far more than the union for life of any particular man and woman who have chosen each other, more than legitimate fatherhood and motherhood, more than the creation of a home, the formation of a national unit: it symbolizes that interchange of forces, spiritual as well as physical, which alone makes it possible for human life to be productive and complete.

When we see gross and tangible proof of failure in marriage: when the woman goes to work and the man loaf about like a brute: when the slatternly wife runs the streets and

the husband comes home to a fireless hearth: when the mother sends the babes out to beg, and the father drinks the children's bread: when the strenuous lady goes to meetings and the gentleman goes on the turf: when the wife has a lover and the man his own haunts: when the children are left to strangers and the parents drift from hotel to hotel: our sense of fitness is outraged. For most of us cling fondly still, if in secret, to the old ideal of the guarded home, of the bread-winner's return to the cheerful hearth, of the nursery with a mother in it, of hands clasped in silence beside the children's bed, of loyalty, fidelity, all that lifelong interchange of service, forbearance, respect, encouragement and love which we once pictured as marriage.

What we fail properly to feel as an outrage is present violence threatened to that principle underlying marriage, which is nothing less than the bond uniting in just and true relationship the whole of manhood to the whole of womanhood. Humanity, being composed of two separate forces, male and female, neither in itself complete, creative only when united, can only hope to achieve greatness by the blending of these forces in noble collaboration. The misunderstanding of this principle, the attempted substitution, as it were, of sterile comradeship or criminal rivalry for harmonious fertile union between the male and female forces of the world, is the danger that lends gravity to the whole feminist movement.

The use of all revolutions is manifest; they serve to break up the rigidity of hardened laws and customs, they destroy in order that something new may be upbuilt. The fault of our age is that we are destroying too fast and too thoughtlessly on all sides, that the ground at our feet is encumbered by too many shattered temples which we

have neither time nor skill to rebuild.

Woman's revolt has broken up many an ancient sanctuary once needed for her protection, the walls of which now seemed too narrow, the vaulted roofs too low. It is time to begin rebuilding; only we must take care how we rebuild, in what spirit we reshape our altered boundaries. There is immense difference between slavery imposed and freedom surrendered. A vast number of women in the past have believed themselves slaves; an equally vast number in the future will be led by a sense of fitness, by love, by the voice of their whole nature, to accept freely and with pride the very limitations they are now flinging from them.

It is a very grand thing to be a woman, quite as grand a thing to be a man. We cannot hope to be great as man is great, because his greatness is of another nature; his creative forces are external, ours internal; yet who shall choose between our strengths? There have perhaps been as many women of genius as men of genius, only the world has not always heard their names; they gave all they had to the men they loved, to the children they bore. When we look back upon even a few of the women whose lives we have watched or known of, when we consider their purity, their wisdom, their devotion, their patience, their goodness, their silence, we can never feel that it means little to be a woman.

Because we have strengths, intuitions and virtues which man lacks, and which he needs in exchange for gifts which are peculiarly his, looking towards the possibility of a nobler and better humanity, we cannot see it otherwise than formed of women who shall have developed, to the utmost, those particular strengths, intuitions and virtues which must needs be blended with the best of man's forces if a noble race is to be. No country that desires supremacy can afford to

encourage the production of the sexless being, neither of the woman who seeks to do man's work, nor of the man who falls in manhood. It needs men that are men, and women that are women.

Whatever woman may be worth in individual instances, she is only valuable to the community by reason of her womanhood. That is why we ought to fight the so-called feminist movement, which is actually an outrage upon womanhood. Let us make it easier for women to be women, let us take care that they are not driven to be less than men. The undesirable usurpation by woman of that part of the world's work which is properly man's must infallibly lead to neglect of that part which is her own. Women in the mass should never be pushed into public life; the fighting part of life is man's. If, instead of holding aloof from the battlefield of public affairs, woman jumps down into the thick of the fray, she is bound to forfeit all those mysterious gifts of insight which once enabled her to help her mate: it is her place to stand apart, aloft if may be, watchful, serene and grave, prepared to warn or to encourage, ready to bind wounds: her voice should only be heard in rare moments, her hand only raised at the call of dire necessity.

The woman who thinks she can get anything worth having by shrill shrieks, or by the shaking of spasmodic fists, is in the wrong. If she wants power she can always have it, through legitimate use of the influence possessed by every woman worthy of the name. To her own intrinsic powers there is no limit, save that of her folly, of her insufficiency, of her lack of faith in the eternal traditions of her sex.

In these traditions the women of England have more faith perhaps than the present seems to show. Therefore, even if the vote be imposed upon us

against the will of the silent majority, even if we be doomed to flounder on in a state of discord, leaving our men unaided in the great social struggle now confronting all, failing England, perhaps, in an hour of danger, it seems more than certain that the future will see our return, along the circular path of progress, to the immovable starting-point of an indestructible femininity.

The study of human life and history teaches us clearly that the swing of the pendulum makes for equilibrium. No outrage upon natural laws is tolerated

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in creation; whatever wins a temporary advantage by any form of excess, meets with a repellent force of equal strength, which, soon or late, imposes order.

Every disintegrating action now at work must inevitably bring about a salutary reaction. This does not mean that we have any right to stand aside, idle spectators of grave issues; each one of us has a part to play, however humble; no influence is too slight to serve as an impulsion towards the ultimate restoration of balance.

Laurence Alma Tadema.

FORTUNA CHANCE.

By JAMES PRIOR.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CROSS-ROADS.

At length his pace dropped to an unwilling walk. It was a clear still frosty night and the crackle of the snow under his tread was the only sound; there was nobody about. But after a long while two horsemen rode up behind. He bethought himself that he had need to inquire what road he was on. He turned, put up his hand and begged them to stop. Apparently they were in one mind to take him for a footpad, for at the same instant each struck terrified heels into his horse's flanks and started off at a gallop. The one horse overturned him, the other's hoofs smote the ground within an inch of his head. He got up little hurt, and walked on musing of the dangers of the way, real and imaginary. Soon he espied a forlorn little hovel, mud with a tangled thatch, nipped between the roadway and a high hedge. He knocked at the crazy door, knocked thrice, but getting no answer lifted the latch and peeped in. The only light came from a smouldering fire, and dimly visible by it was a cowering human form which showed no face. Not

daring to mention Scotland he asked whither the road led whereon he stood. Only at a second and louder asking did a voice wake up to an answer, a man's harsh surly voice.

"To Aberford. To York. To hell."

It roused an echo of the lawyer's obscure warning against York, hardly heard at the time. He walked on, but "to York, to hell" was ever in his thoughts, and he took the first opportunity to escape into a by-road. In less than a mile he was stopped by a river and turned back to a little ale-house near by. He did not much like the churlish landlord's looks and manners nor yet his company—there were a lot of grimy colliers drinking noisily in the only public room—but since there was nothing better he put up there for the night. He inquired of the innkeeper if he knew of a good roadster for sale. The innkeeper knew of just such a one as he needed, but surly reminded him that they were now at the end of the week and declared that his principles were Church of England and "again hoss-dealing of a Sunday."

"I can't lie here another night," said Roland. The landlord began reaffirm-

ing his principles with an oath. "But I don't mind paying for two."

The landlord, dropping at once his principles and bad language, consented to so happy a compromise between his customer's haste and his own religion.

Early next morning, which was fine and frosty, Roland paid his double scot, got ferried over the river, followed the innkeeper's directions and at a village a mile and a half further on found a farmer who had a gelding for sale. It was a good honest brown-coated plodder, aged, and for that with a second-hand harness thrown in, which was still serviceable though by no means showy, he paid seven guineas. He inquired the way to York, and was bidden ride straight forward through Castleford. Instead of doing so he rode back a little way and took a turn which he had noted before, to his left hand as he was now going.

He had advanced about a mile and was nearing a largish village with a colliery in the neighborhood, when he heard shouting and fast riding behind him. Looking back he saw that he was being followed by a man on horseback who was calling and beckoning to him. He tried to make believe not having seen or heard and rode on at a quickened pace. The man behind followed faster and shouted louder. He had nothing in mind but that terrible Nottinghamshire warrant with a West Riding backing. He made as good work as he could with whip and heel—he was sorry that he had no spurs to them—and went skeltering through the astonished village at a heavy gallop with more clatter than speed. His pursuer however, being much better mounted, gained on him rapidly as they dashed down the frozen hillside. At the bottom a brook crossed the road, and a flock of geese was waddling by its side in unexpectant dignity. In an instant they and their dignities were separated, scattered. Loudly they

forth-trumpeted their terror and their indignation. The startled horse struck fire out of the stones. But Roland soon understood that he had no chance in a trial of pace, and they seemed to be approaching another village. As the road rose again he reined up—he did not forget that he had the orator's pistol in his coat-pocket, loaded—and begged to know of his pursuer what he wanted with him.

"I think you might very well have asked me that question sooner," answered the other somewhat huffily.

He was a very respectable sober-suited man, neither farmer nor squire, but if a tradesman certainly in a good way. He explained that as he went through Altofts he had been begged by a farmer who had seen Roland start altogether wrong for York to overtake him and put him right. Roland thanked him shamefacedly and lamely apologized. He had heard so much of highwaymen.

"What? In the villages and by day? You have not the look of so timorous a lad."

Roland said, but not directly to the question, that he was not travelling to York; he had only asked out of curiosity.

"Then I wish to the deuce that I had not risked my horse's knees down Normanton Hill. But where then are you going, if I may ask?"

"Straight forward, sir—for the present."

Again Roland's answer had halted. The other looked at him curiously, suspiciously; said, "Your road appears to be the same as mine—for the present; but my horse is better than yours, I believe, so I bid ye good-day;" then trotted ahead and was soon out of sight over the brow of the ascent.

The church bells were chiming when Roland, having ridden to the top of a hill, came into sight of a small town.

He stopped on the outskirts and inquired the road to York.

"Straight on to Ferrybrig; then turn to t' left," he was told.

But he turned to the right at once and rode aside avoiding York. He had lost the enthusiasm which would have sped him to London, had put aside the steady principle which had been taking him to Scotland; he had but one aim now, to save his own skin. By a slow descent he went down into a plain. Mile after mile he rode, and the country became absolutely flat, a region without landmark, river drenched, almost trackless; here and there at wide intervals a sleeping village, for the rest a mere table for the snow to lie upon. He stopped to bait at a lonely ale-house, and when he mounted again asked as usual the way to York; then giving it his left hand rode by.

The day had clouded and the sun went down in a bloodshot grayness, went down and left him to the stillness and his thoughts. His horse's hoofs made no sound upon the untrodden snow. The wind was nothing but when listened for, and was then a mere hiss. The sky appeared as grayly white and as still as the earth. What cold glimmer of light got about seemed to be earthborn and to come up ghost-like from the snow. He rode on far into the night; how far he knew not. The road was a narrow pack-horse causeway raised a little above the surrounding flat.

The waning moon gave no sign until long after her registered hour. But as night went on there must have arisen some little stir among the packed clouds, for every now and then a weak place would let her wan shine pass through, or a break in them would for a few moments compel her to a jealous half-discovery of her pallid disfigured face. Also from time to time some pale star would peep timidly forth

and immediately draw back. Many a drowsy mile he rode and only once saw face of man, when a gang of ruffianly smugglers went by with a train of pack-horses and pushed him from the road into the marsh that bordered it. They took no notice of him but rode on whipping their team up, and at their departure the new stillness seemed doubly still. Save that once he saw no human being, and if he passed by any human habitation it was less than a dream. At last he came to what seemed a considerable village built round a spacious green and dowered with trees. He would gladly have stopped there for the remainder of the night, but there was no sound or movement, no light in any window, no sign of life. He passed through. On his right hand there was now a great wood or park whose tall trees darkly vaulted the road.

Suddenly he saw on his left hand close beside the white road, and apparently raised a little above it, a something dark that was not a road, for it moved and had a voice, nay, voices, loud uneasy disputative voices, as of a great flow of waters. It disturbed him; for these waters were somehow at contention. The sound of them, ay, and their very selves seemed alternately to come on and fall back. There was a little quickening of the breeze; it made a buzz in the trees overhead. He was conscious too, as it met his face, of something unusual in the air, a fresh-smelling moistness that was strange to him. It was not by any means unpleasant, but being so strange and in the night too it troubled him. He had heard of the sea of course though only at second-hand—his mother had never seen it—and somehow he thought of the sea. But no, this was not the sea; beyond that strip of turbulent dark he saw the same white immobility extend as formed its hither border.

The clouds had parted again about the moon, for a broken reflection of it appeared amid the black swirl of waters; a floating face of glistening white, a drowning face, distorted, with a sort of suicidal horror on it, quickly submerged and seen no more. The flood was again all dark; yet a dark varied with less dark, dappled with shifty glimmerings, streaked with shadows, perplexed with eddies, crossed by suggestions, disappearances, uncertainties. But he left seeing it as abruptly as he had first seen it. He still rode in the shadow of the trees, but on his left hand was nothing but a flat of gray-white. At last the wood fell away. He came out again into the white silence, the unbounded distances. As he rode he looked back and tried to see between the dreams that he had been dreaming on horseback. He had seen a river on his left—that was well-nigh clear to him—but before that had he not also seen for a little while the gleam of a phantom river on his right?

He was in truth being penned in between two tidal floods. Though he could not know it, in some measure he felt it, perhaps at the suggestion of that unusual quality in the air; felt that he was at last being brought to account, that presently he would have to turn back or else take an irrevocable step forward. Still the wind whispered stealthily, then listened with held breath; whispered, listened. Still he rode on and on through the recordless night. Until his horse stopped short. He had come to a fork in the road. The moon was again showing its ghastly distorted face, and the cloud-web about it shot through with its own rays was like hair on end. But it was not that which made his own hair stand prophetically erect before he quite knew why.

High up between white road and pallid moon, abominably clear and black, was a sort of iron cage hanging from

the projecting arm to a lofty post, and therein a something grotesquely and horribly yet indisputably human. It was a gibbeted malefactor. The apish head was writhen into a dead grin; one of the legs had rotted off; its clothing hung in filthy shreds, the burlesque of bedizenment, at once hideous and ludicrous. The shrivelled arms hugged a fowling-piece, the instrument doubtless of a crime. The moon peered over the thing's left shoulder like horror looking on; peered and paled and swooned away. Then the darkening landscape seemed to fade spectrally from the gibbet, leaving only that real before him.

He sat motionless, frozen. He made out a resemblance in what was before him to Job; Job as he would be; through him. The silence was intolerable; for the hiss of the breeze was less a sound than a suggestion. So the not hearing and the seeing were alike terrible. If he could have closed his eyes to the one he would have covered his ears against the other. But bound fast to his terror as in a nightmare, he sat and looked and listened.

At length, perhaps in a second or two, perhaps in an hour—for time stood still, as though it too were horror-bound—at length with a somewhat stronger puff of wind the bars of the involving cage creaked. In his seizure he took it for the rusty recommencement of long-forgotten speech within that throttled weazand. Hand and heel regained a convulsive activity; he turned about. He did not realize at once that his horror was behind him; but his horse, as if well pleased with the change of direction, trotted briskly back along the way that they had come. His rider left the reins slack, made no decision. He only knew that he could not return and pass that gibbet.

A freshening breeze blew upon his back and the clouds began to give way. So he went under the trees, skirted the river, traversed the village and again

came out into the wide waste. Then there opened before him a space of clear sky, which displayed to his awestruck eyes with a magnificence that no pomp ecclesiastical of gold and gems ever approached the starry outline of a huge cross. Lowly at its foot blazed the prince of the fixed stars, its head was gemmed with the delicate radiance of a band of three, at its wide-stretched arms shone Betelgeuse and Rigel. He stopped his horse and gazed. Many a time of a winter's night he had seen and doubtless admired the constellations that glorify that quarter of the heavens, but he had never had them separated into such a significance for himself. He accepted the august comforting sign, dismounted and knelt in the snow before it. When he mounted again, if his difficulties were as great his care was much less. The clouds which had disclosed the token soon hid it again, but he rode keeping his mind's eye on it all the rest of the way.

Half-way between midnight and sunrise he knocked them up at a poor solitary inn, went straight to bed and slept, as he had not done since he set out for Derby, with a mind free for the time being at least from all self-contention. He did not wake till the afternoon. Then as he lay he heard two sounds which seemed equally faint and far-off; the patter of soft rain upon the casement and the chime of bells from some distant village. "'Tis Sunday," he thought to himself; "'tis raining; there will be no travelling to-day." He turned over and was asleep again before he had had time to ask himself what o'clock it was, or to reflect that it was not Sunday but Monday and the feast of the Epiphany. It was hunger rather than restlessness that at last fetched him out of bed—and by then it was fully night—to a breakfast-supper of pan-pudding, a slab of thick pancake with a few bits of bacon in it.

He rose not very early next day,

breakfasted at his ease, did not hurry his setting-off. He still seemed to leave the direction to his horse, riding with slack reins, and that though it had frozen sharp in the night after rain and a partial thaw, so that the roads in many places were as slippery as glass. Sometimes he had to dismount and go afoot, but even then it was not apparent whether he was leading the horse or the horse him. It was well into the night before he reached the village where he had bought the horse, and there he put up at a fairly good inn.

He was in the saddle next morning before he asked the landlord whither that road would take him if he kept straight on.

"To Leeds," answered the landlord.

"And if after a while I turn to the right I shall arrive at York?"

"Ay," said the landlord.

"And if to the left that brings me to—Wakefield?"

He had almost said "the gallows."

"E'en so," said the landlord; "and a good journey to ye, maister, ony gate."

So far Roland had let his horse go as he would. Thenceforth it behoved him to take the mastery on himself. It was but just gray twilight when he set out. As long as it was light enough to see the way it was all the same to him. He did not know if it rained or was fine, froze or thawed; the weather was nothing to him. He rode down to the Calder, which he crossed in a boat while his horse swam in the wake. So he kept on at a sober pace, neither hurried nor slack, until he came to the highway by which he had left Wakefield. There he must needs decide. Thitherto, so far as he understood himself, he had deferred decision. To the right was York, to the left Wakefield, straight forwards Leeds. He stood there, seconds, minutes, hours, days, years—spirit-time cannot be measured by the secular clock—in such disturbance as when he was under the gibbet;

but now it was himself as it seemed who hung there, hung and grinned back on himself. He stood, but knew all through the tangies of his terror that he would have to choose betimes—onwards, to the right, to the left—or the power of choice would pass from him. At length, in a little while or a long, it became more dreadful to him to be caught dallying or riding away or even to escape uncaught than to go voluntarily to captivity and death. He lifted his bowed head, braced himself up, crossed himself before that imaginary gibbet, forehead and breast, as if before the altar, then pulled the near rein strongly and used the whip. For of all directions that left turn, it would seem, was the one to which his nag had the most objection. But the objection once overcome with due use of heel and whip, he rode to Wakefield at a business-like speed.

He called at Mr. Strawbenzie's, asked to see him and was told that he was at the quarter sessions at the moot-hall. He found his way to the moot-hall, which was built on a colonnade over the market-cross. He left his horse with one of the loiterers without, and taking his directions went under the colonnade and up a circular staircase in the centre. This brought him to a shabby room dimly lighted from a turret in the roof and having at the farther end a table, by which two magistrates sat in such state as an arm-chair each could make for them. But the first thing he noticed was the attorney sitting just before them. Mr. Strawbenzie's eyes fell on him as he entered and seemed to frown him back. But the frown was lost on him, for immediately he caught sight of Job Owlett, who was just leaving the room. Job looked pale, agitated, bewildered, and Newberry, the tall deputy, had him by the arm; might be supporting, might be securing him. Roland went up to him and said:

"Job, I've come to bear witness for you."

Job looked round and his face lightened up.

"Is't thee, lad?" he said. "Dunnot gie me the wate¹ if I didn't keep touch wi' thee. I ha' bin in a mucky pickle these three days, but——"

"Who are you, sirrah?" asked one of the magistrates sharply. "What is your name?"

Said the attorney, who was evidently clerk to the justices, "Since the prisoner has been discharged, sir, 'twould seem to be unnecessary for you to fatch yourselves wi' this youngster's superfluous testimony."

"Unnecessary or no," said the justice tartly, "I reopen the case. Of course, sir, not without your consent."

Raising his hat he bowed to his co-adjutor on the bench and was bowed back to. This second justice was old and meagre and in a full-bottomed tie-wig, which covered his shoulders and left little to be seen of his face but a very thin nose. The speaker, who was stout, red-faced and middle-aged, looked very much of a country beau in his small well-powdered bag-wig, frilled shirt and tight-fitting silver-laced coat. His muff lay upon the table beside him. He sniffed snuff peremptorily from a gold-mounted tortoise-shell box. Probably he had just had an argument with his clerk in which he had been the loser.

"What is your name, sirrah?" he said again with his pinch but half consumed.

Mr. Strawbenzie produced a silver snuff-box and took a pinch. But while justice and clerk sniffed against one another, Roland between the asking and the answering suffered the compressed bulk of all the terrors which had occupied him from Job's arrest to that decisive turn of the road, the terrors without the doubts. After that

¹ Blame.

momentary interval given to anguish he answered quite audibly:

"Roland Surety."

Newberry leapt to his side and laid a hand on him.

"Then, my fine fellow," he said, "I hae a scrap o' paper i' my pocket 'at consarns ye."

"Let be, constable," said the clerk. "Bring him forward and gie him the testament."

But we need not dwell upon Roland's testimony. Job had already been discharged upon the ground that the Highlander unknown was a rebel in arms against the King's majesty, and as such beyond the protection of the law. The new evidence unnecessarily confirmed the magistrates' former decision, and the witness had imperilled his own neck to no purpose. As soon as he came out of the box he was arrested upon a charge of murder; arrested, formally charged and committed all in a few minutes. By then the terror had passed into a stony indifference. The session had ended; the magistrates rose. Job, mightily confounded, wished to recompense one good turn with another.

"Maisters," he cried after the departing court, "lemme kuss t' book an' see if I canna swear to summat, 'at 'ull do t' poor lad some good."

Mr. Strawbenzie, who was passing out, tapped him on the shoulder and spoke in his private capacity.

"Nay, this is neither the time nor

the place. If you hae any evidence to offer come to my office and I'll durse it up for ye."

Then Job turned to Roland.

"Lad," he said, "I'm main sorry for thee. A jail's a dreigh place to lig in; 'tis sorrow a-top of ony sorrow whatsoever."

They led Roland away to prison, Job accompanying him. On the way Mr. Strawbenzie's clerk overtook him and asked him if he had any friend whom he wished to communicate with.

"No," he said, "I have only one, and I would give all I have and hope so as she should never know of this."

The jailor came out of his house, chased away the boys who were playing at ball in the little prison-yard, opened the tiny one-roomed prison-house to Roland and ironed him securely, ankles and wrists, as the gravity of the charge demanded.

"Good luck t' ye, brother," said Job with tears in his eyes. "Faith an' trawth, I wouldna goo if they'd lemme stop wi' thee. But they winna, so I'll e'en goo my ways back to Midhope. I canna sleep nowheer else; and nont and nuncle ull look sideways at me, I doubt, after all this to-do."

Job being pushed forth went slowly away, and Roland was locked up in his cold dark solitary cell with nothing to sit on but a stone, nothing to lie on but a little straw, nothing to occupy him but the sorry amusement of his despair.

(To be continued.)

ROUSSEAU IN ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Burke, in his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790), although he called Rousseau an "eccentric observer of human nature," had not attempted to deny his penetration. He wrote of him, already without sympathy, as one who for the sake of playing upon that love of the marvellous which is inherent in man, desired extraordinary situations, "giving rise to new and unlooked-for strokes in politics and morals." But he gave the Genevese philosopher credit for nothing worse than levity; Rousseau had raised up political and social paradoxes in the spirit in which a story-teller, eager to arouse the attention of an idle audience, evokes giants and fairies to satisfy the credulity of his hearers. And Burke has the indulgence to admit that, "I believe, were Rousseau alive, and in one of his lucid intervals, he would be shocked at the fanatical frenzy of his scholars, who . . . are servile imitators; and even in their incredulity discover an implicit faith."

But events rapidly developed, and when Burke came to write the flaming sentences of his great *Letter to a Member of the National Assembly* (1791), the importance of Rousseau's influence in bringing about the events which Burke so passionately deplored had greatly widened and deepened. He saw that the very blood of Rousseau had been transfused into the veins of the National Assembly of France. "Him they study," he wrote; "him they meditate; him they turn over in all the time they can spare from the laborious mischief of the day, or the debauches of the night. Rousseau is their canon of holy writ; in his life he is their canon of *Polycletus*; he is their standard

figure of perfection," Burke felt obliged to denounce, with his unparalleled wealth of picturesque eloquence, the fatal character of the fascination exercised by the author of the *Lettres de la Montagne* and the *Confessions*.

To Burke, thus brought face to face with what he believed to be the very Ragnarok of the gods, the ruin of all which made life in Europe worth living, it now became a religious duty to expose the malefic character of the charming, exquisite pleadings of the revolutionary of Geneva. He declared that the virtue propounded by Rousseau was not virtue at all, but "a selfish, flattering, seductive, ostentatious vice." This was a theory new to Englishmen, a theory which had, of course, in faltering accents, been here and there hinted by opponents, but never before deliberately and logically asserted by a great master of English oratory. Burke spoke, not merely with the immense prestige of his position, but as one who had been subjected to the personal charm of Rousseau, and who had studied him in his lifetime, not merely without prejudice, but with sympathy and admiration. His grave censure of the philosopher came with unction from the lips of one who was reported to have been in communication with him, during his first visit to London, almost from day to day.¹ Burke spoke with authority to a large section of the public when he stated that he had gradually become persuaded that Rousseau "entertained no principle either to guide his heart, or to guide his understanding, but *vanity*." He did not deny the charm of Rousseau's writing, or pretend to depre-

* Address delivered, in French, before the Société Jean-Jacques Rousseau, at Geneva, on June 28th, 1912, upon occasion of the bicentenary of the birth of Rousseau.

¹ By far the best account of Rousseau's visit to England is contained in *Le Séjour de J. J. Rousseau en Angleterre (1766-1767)*, published from original documents by M. Louis J. Courtols (A. Jullien, Geneva, 1911).

ciate his incomparable talents, but he pronounced him to be deranged and eccentric, and to have gloried in the illumination of the obscure and vulgar vices. He described the *Confessions*, over which the English world had bowed in transports of emotional adulation, as the record of "a life that, with wild defiance, he flings in the face of his Creator." Violence carried Burke so far as to describe Rousseau as a man, by his own account, without a single virtue. There can be no question that this diatribe, prominently brought forward by the first of English orators, in a work which was read by every educated man in Great Britain, sapped the reputation of Rousseau amongst our countrymen, and led to the gradual decline of his fame in England all down the nineteenth century.

The attack on Rousseau, contained in many fulminating pages of the *Letter to a Member of the National Assembly*, is extravagant and unjust. We read it now with a certain indignation, tempered by a mild amusement. Its effect should have been reduced by the absurdity of its denunciation of Frenchmen and of the French nation, in whom Burke saw little but a furious congeries of dancing-masters, fiddlers, and *valets-de-chambre*. But there were already in England, in the reaction of terror brought about by the French Revolution, many who were delighted to accept this grotesque perversion of the truth, and Burke, with all his powers of speech, all his knowledge of his countrymen, knew how to play upon the alarms and the ignorances of the English. He had, at all events, the dangerous gift of unqualified statement, and when he solemnly declared, as if by reluctant conviction, that "the writings of Rousseau lead directly to shameful evil" both in theory and practice, there were thousands only too ready to accept the warning.

We may observe, too, that Burke was

the earliest English critic of weight who suggested that the exquisite literary art of Rousseau had its limitations. His remarks are worthy of being quoted at length, since they contain the germ of the English attitude through the whole of the nineteenth century:—

I have often wondered how he comes to be so much more admired and followed on the Continent than he is here. Perhaps a secret charm in the language may have its share in this extraordinary difference. We certainly perceive, and to a degree we feel, in this writer, a style glowing, animating, enthusiastic; at the same time that we find it lax, diffuse, and not in the best taste of composition; all the members of the piece being pretty equally labored and expanded, without any due selection or subordination of parts. He is generally too much on the stretch, and his manner has little variety. We cannot rest upon any of his works, though they contain observations which occasionally discover a considerable insight into human nature.

These attacks of Burke upon their idol were not accepted tamely by the Whigs, or by the Radical wing of their party, which included most of the intellectual men of the time. It was recognized that Burke spoke with excessive violence, and that his emotion was largely provoked by political apprehensions which were not shared by the more enlightened of his countrymen. It was easily pointed out that the great orator's objection to Rousseau was founded on a predilection for aristocracy, a dread of innovation, an abhorrence for abstract politics, rather than on a serious and philosophical consideration of Rousseau's contributions to literature. There were many indignant replies to his denunciation, the most effective being those contained in Sir James Mackintosh's famous *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*. Mackintosh, with less eloquence but far more knowledge, denied the responsibility

of Rousseau for the excesses of the Revolution, and suggested that Burke had not made himself acquainted with the *Contrat Social*. Rousseau was vindicated as one of the immortal band of sages "who unshackled and emancipated the human mind," and he was assured a place in eternal glory, by the side of Locke and Franklin.

All that was generous, all that was enthusiastic in English opinion, was still marshalled on the side of Rousseau, but Burke's measured attack, so universally considered, was the gradual cause of an ever-increasing defection. For the time being, however, this was confined to the more timid and the less intelligent part of the community. Burke had assailed in Rousseau the politician and the moralist, but although it was evident that he was out of sympathy with the imaginative writer, his diatribe did little at first to weaken the spell of Rousseau's sentimental and literary writings. There was no sign, in 1800, that the *Nouvelle Héloïse* had lost its magic for English readers, though it may be doubted whether these were so numerous as they had been twenty years earlier. The famous romance had been the direct precursor of the school of romantic-sentimental novels in England, but it would take us too far back to consider in any detail its influence on Holcroft, whose *Hugh Trevor* dates from 1797; on Bage, in such romances as *Hermisprong* (1796); on Mrs. Inchbold, in *Nature and Art* (1796); and on Charlotte Smith. But it must be remembered that these popular novelists lived well on into the nineteenth century, and that their romances were still widely read, and by advanced thinkers warmly accepted, long after our period begins. Moreover, in William Godwin (1756-1836), once known as "the immortal Godwin," we have the most pronounced example in English literature of the novelist started and supported by a

devotion to the principles of Rousseau. *Caleb Williams* (1794) is still a minor English classic, and *Fleetwood* (1804) is an example of a Rousseau novel actually written within the confines of our century. But with these names the list of the novelists directly inspired by the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and in a much lesser degree by *Emile*, practically ceases, and the advent of Walter Scott gave the survivors their *coup de grâce*.

The excessive admiration of Englishmen for the imaginative writings of Rousseau was already on the wane, or rather it was beginning to be old-fashioned. That very remarkable work *The Diary of a Lover of Literature*, by Thomas Green (1769-1825), gives us a valuable insight into critical opinion during the opening years of the nineteenth century. It was published in 1810, but it reflects the feeling of a slightly earlier time. It represents the views of an independent and transitional thinker, remote from all the literary cliques, who read extensively in his hermitage at Ipswich, and it mirrors the mind of the average educated Englishman between 1795 and 1805. We discover that there were persons of cultivation in England at that time who did not hesitate deliberately to pronounce that Rousseau was, "without exception, the greatest genius and the finest writer that ever lived." This opinion the judicious Green is by no means able to endorse; but he makes a very curious confession which throws a strong light on the best English opinion in 1800. The Lover of Literature says that Rousseau is a character "who has by turns transported me with the most violent and opposite emotions of delight and disgust, admiration and contempt, indignation and pity." He points out, with great acumen, the peculiar conditions of Rousseau's "distempered sensibility," and says that his wrath against

evil-doing burns "in consuming fire." Green's analysis of Rousseau's genius is ingenious and glowing, but he sees spots in the sun, and thus, at the immediate threshold of the new century, we meet with high critical commendation, but also with the faint beginnings of reproof.

It is necessary to note that the earliest objections made to Rousseau's influence by Englishmen were political. They were not directed against the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, nor *Emile*, nor the *Confessions*, but against the *Contrat Social*. The name of Rousseau had been used, in connection with this work, to justify the horrors of the French Revolution, the *jacqueries*, the September massacres. Serious English people, whom Burke had originally awakened to suspicion, became more and more deeply persuaded that it was the doctrine of Rousseau which had conducted Louis XVI. to the scaffold. The book itself was never much read in England, but it formed part of a tradition. It was understood to have consecrated the violent acts of the Revolution, and English people began to shrink from a title-page so tainted with blood. This view found a striking exponent in the opening number of the *Edinburgh Review*, where Jeffrey, reviewing Monnier's *Influence attribuée aux philosophes*, warned his readers with earnestunction against "the presumptuous and audacious maxims" of Rousseau, which had a natural tendency to do harm. The arguments of the *Contrat Social* were exposed by the Whig critic as unsettling the foundations of political duty, and as teaching the citizens of every established Government that they were enslaved, and had the power of becoming free. Whatever influence Rousseau still had, and in 1802 it was already waning, the *Edinburgh Review* solemnly declared to be "unquestionably pernicious."

By English politicians of the Tory

type, Rousseau was now regarded with growing suspicion. They looked back to first causes, and found him at the end of the vista. They blamed him all the more because they still lay under the spell of his style and his sentiment. He was beginning to be regarded with more disapproval than other and more definitely revolutionary philosophers, than Condorcet, for instance, as being more presumptuous and less logical, more "improvident," to use the expression of an early English critic. There was no considerable desire in England for the subversion of monarchy, and it was only in countries where there was a wish to believe that kings were toppling from their thrones that the political writings of the arch-agitator could expect to find a welcome. All such speculation had been pleasant enough before the great revolution set in in France, but England, thrilled for a moment by Quixotic hopes, had turned into another path, where Rousseau had not led her, nor could ever be her companion. He appeared as a demagogue and a disturber of the public peace, as an apostle of change and crisis and unrest. In England everyone, or almost everyone, craved a respite from such ideas, and his prestige began to sink. Let us note, then, that beyond question the earliest objection to Rousseau came from the political side.

The personal character of the Genevese philosopher was still little known. It was revealed, in certain unfavorable aspects, by several collections of memoirs, which now began to be published. These of Marmontel, in 1805, were widely read in England, and were recommended to a large circle of readers by Jeffrey in a famous essay. The anecdotes, so amusing and often so piquant, appeared to the Scotch critic and to his British audience more discreditable than Marmontel, who belonged to an earlier and looser gener-

ation, had intended them to seem. From 1805 began to arise in England the conception of a Rousseau full of cruel vanity, implacable, calumnious, and wholly wanting in that frankness and bluff candor upon which John Bull delights to pride himself. But the splendor of his writings was still uncontested. In 1809, the *Edinburgh Review* said even of the *Contrat Social* that "it contains some deep observations, and many brilliant and elevated thoughts, along with a good deal, we admit, of impracticable and very questionable theory." The *Confessions* was not much read, but the precise Jeffrey did not hesitate to recommend it, in 1806, as in some respects the most interesting of books, and in 1807 Capel Lofft declared, "If I had five millions of years to live upon the earth, I would read Rousseau daily with increasing delight."

It would take us too far to consider how the sentimental Pantisocracy of the youthful Lake Poets coincided with the direct influence of Rousseau. That movement, moreover, belongs to the eighteenth, not the nineteenth century, since it was all over by 1794. But so far as it was an outcome of the teaching of Rousseau, the reaction which followed it was not favorable to the prestige of works which now came to seem almost hateful to the Lake Poets. Wordsworth branched away irrevocably, and his account of the Saturnian Reign in *The Excursion* (finished in 1805) would have given little satisfaction to Rousseau. Southey was early, and permanently, disgusted with himself for having supposed that the millennium would be ushered in from Geneva. But perhaps the best example of the revulsion of opinion which followed the juvenile raptures of the Lake Poets is to be found in the pages of the *The Friend* (1809-10), where Coleridge derides

Rousseau, the dreamer of love-sick

tales, and the spinner of speculative cobwebs; shy of light as the mole, but quick-eared, too, for every whisper of the public opinion; the teacher of stoic pride in his principles, yet the victim of morbid vanity in his feelings and conduct.

Yet this was premature, as an expression of general critical disapprobation. In November, 1809, the high Tory organ, the *Quarterly Review*,² spoke, without a shade of disapproval, of "the tremendous fidelity" of the picture of life in the *Confessions*. In 1812, the same severe periodical, then forming the most dreaded tribunal of British intellectual taste, devoted several pages to an examination of the moral character of Rousseau, and the result was by no means unfavorable. The writer was John Herman Merivale (1779-1844), who declared that "Rousseau's system of morality is as little practicable as would be a system of politics invented by one who had always lived in a state of savage independence," and suggested, but without bitterness, that portions of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* betrayed "a certain lack of just moral taste and feeling." The *Confessions* are described in faltering terms which suggest that Merivale had not read them with any attention. On the whole, we find, up to this point, no difference between the views of Englishmen and of similarly placed Frenchmen. Even Shelley, in his *Proposals for an Association* (1812), blames the tendency of some of Rousseau's political writings in exactly the conventional Continental tone.

But a brief and limited, though splendid revival was now approaching, the last which the reputation of Rousseau was to enjoy in England. We must note the sphere within which this es-

² The writer, as I am courteously informed by the present editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was James Pillans (1778-1864), the Scottish educational reformer, the "patriotic Pillans" of Byron's satire in *English Bards and Scottish Reviewers*.

oteric celebration of his genius was confined; it was not an explosion of national enthusiasm, but the defiant glorification of a power which had already begun to decline; it was not a general expression of approval, but the spasm of a group of revolutionaries. It was roused, no doubt, by the attitude of the official critics who were affecting to think that the influence of Rousseau was exploded. The *Quarterly* had said in 1813, "As it is probable that we may not soon be again in the company of this extraordinary man, we would willingly take leave of him in good humor," and though it was quite unable to keep up this attitude of dignified dismissal, and returned to the attack in April, 1814, nevertheless that was the tone adopted towards Rousseau, as of a man played out, and rapidly being forgotten.

The publication of the voluminous *Correspondence* of Grimm, which was much read in England, led Englishmen to review the subject of the character and writings of Rousseau, and in the remarks which contemporaries made in 1813 and 1814 we may trace a rapid cooling of their enthusiasm. The scorn of all French habits of thought and conduct, which immediately succeeded the anxious and wearisome period of the Napoleonic wars, now made itself particularly felt in the English attitude towards Rousseau, who was regarded as the source from which all the revolutionary sorrows of Europe had directly proceeded. The *Quarterly Review* for April, 1814, pronounced a judgment upon Rousseau's moral tendency, of which a portion must be quoted here, since it may be considered as the original indictment, the document which served to start the unfavorable opinion which now became more and more that which sober and conservative Englishmen were to adopt during the next fifty years. The opening lines give a new warning, which was to gain

steadily in emphasis, while the end repeats praise which was conventional in 1814, but was already fading, and was soon to disappear.

The reviewer says:—

A writer who professes to instruct mankind is bound to deliver precepts of morality. But it is by inflaming the passions, and by blotting out the line which separates virtue from vice, that Rousseau undertakes to teach young ladies to be chaste, and young men to respect the rights of hospitality. His heroine, indeed, in conformity to his own example, is always prating about virtue, even at the time when she deviates most essentially from its precepts; but to dogmatize is not to be innocent. Yet, with all its defects, there are numerous passages in this celebrated work which astonish by their eloquence. Language, perhaps, never painted the conflicts of love in colors more animated and captivating than in the letter written by St. Preux when wandering among the rocks of Meilleraye.

Unfortunately, the name of this critic is unknown.

But the charm was not to be broken without a violent effort being made to restore to Rousseau his earlier supremacy. It came from the group of brilliant Radical writers, who had not accepted the Toryism of the ruling classes, to whom the discredited principles of the Revolution were more dear than they had ever been, and who pinned their attractive and enthusiastic æsthetic reforms to the voluptuous ecstasy of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and the chimerical sentiment of *Emile*. Already, in *The Round Table* (1814), Hazlitt had recommended the *Confessions* as the "most valuable" of all Rousseau's writings; he was presently in his *Liber Amoris* (1823) to produce the work which of all important books of the English nineteenth century was to reproduce most closely the manner of the Genevese master. Two years later, having made a very careful examina-

tion of the works, Hazlitt published his essay *On the Character of Rousseau*, which was not surpassed, or approached, as a study of the great writer until the appearance of Lord Morley's monograph, nearly sixty years afterwards.

Hazlitt exposes the baneful effect of Burke's attacks, while acknowledging that from his own, the Tory point of view, Burke was justified in taking the line that he did. It is perfectly true that "the genius of Rousseau levelled the towers of the Bastille with the dust," but Hazlitt, an intellectual revolutionary, exults in the admission, Hazlitt acknowledges, nevertheless, that the exaggerated hopes founded upon such books as the *Contrat Social* have been followed by inevitable disappointment. It was, however, not the fault of Rousseau, but of his sanguine and absurd disciples, that Europe, or particularly England, has "lost confidence in social man." Ecstatic admirers of his inspired visions had expected the advent of Rousseau to bring in a millennium, and in the disappointment founded on the excesses of the French Revolution they had turned, with ingratitude, upon the pure and Utopian dreamer who had drawn things as they should be, not as it was humanly possible that they ever could be. The writings of Rousseau, Hazlitt declares, are looked up to with admiration by friends and foes alike as possessing "the true revolutionary leaven," but it needs political foresight and a rare capacity of imagination to perceive that this operates, through temporary upheaval and distraction, to produce an ultimate harmony and a beneficent beauty. In the course of his writings, Hazlitt frequently quotes Rousseau, and always with admiration. He is the most illuminated and the most thoughtful of all Rousseau's early English critics.

In the summer of 1816 the two young

poets of the day who displayed the most extraordinary genius in England, or perhaps in Europe, made acquaintance with one another for the first time, and instantly determined to travel together. They met in Switzerland, intoxicated with the unfamiliar beauty around them, and Byron took the Villa Diodati close to Geneva, where he and Shelley steeped themselves in the *Nouvelle Héloïse* under the shadow of Mont Blanc. In June they started together round the lake on a journey, which turned into a pilgrimage. In Shelley's *Letters* may be read the enthusiastic account of the poets' visit to Meillerie. He refrained from gathering acacia and roses from Gibbon's garden at Lausanne, "fearing to outrage the greater and more sacred name of Rousseau, the contemplation of whose imperishable creations had left no vacancy in his heart for mortal things." As they sauntered along the shores of the enchanted Leman, the friends "read Julie all day." They lived, with the characters of the great romance, in an endless melancholy transport. Byron's enthusiasm took the form of the famous stanzas in "Childe Harold III.," beginning:—
Here the self-torturing sophist, wild
Rousseau.

It is a remarkable instance of the complete decline of the prestige of Rousseau in England that Byron's editor of 1899 is astonished that Byron and Shelley "should not only worship at the shrine of Rousseau, but take delight in reverently tracing the footsteps of St. Preux and Julie." He is so completely disconcerted that he can only exclaim, "But to each age its own humor!" The age of 1899 was certainly not in the humor for Rousseau, but it was almost to go beyond the boundaries of good taste to denounce, as this editor did, beneath the very text of Byron's raptures, "the unspeakable philanderings" of Rousseau. Such

was not the poet's judgment when, in a trance of pleasure, he visited all the scenes of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. To Byron the long-drawn loves of St. Preux and of Julie seemed "most passionate, yet not impure," and he vivaciously proclaimed their creator as the one prophet of Ideal Beauty. The five or six stanzas mentioned above are so well-known as to be positively hackneyed. We no longer set on them any high poetical value; we see that none of them are very good as verses, and that some of them are bad. But the whole passage retains its full interest for us. It is a perfectly logical statement of the author's unbounded admiration for Rousseau, and in particular for the "burning page, distempered though it seems," upon which are celebrated the devouring loves of Julie and St. Preux.

Further on, in the same poem, Byron rose to far greater heights of style. The invocation at Clarens, in the texture of which the result of his recent intercourse with Shelley may be plainly perceived, is probably the most impassioned tribute ever paid by one great writer to the literature of another.

All things are here of *him*; from the black pines,

Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar

Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines

Which slope his green path downward to the shore,

Where the bow'd waters meet him, and adore,

Kissing his feet with murmurs, and the wood,

The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,

But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,

Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

A populous solitude of bees and birds, And fairy-form'd and many-color'd things,

Who worship him with thoughts more sweet than words,

And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life.

This was a challenge, addressed by the most powerful poet of the day, and couched in idolatrous language, which it was not possible that those in England who were opposed to the influence of Rousseau could fail to take up. Nor did Byron pause here. Writing from Diodati, July, 1816, his famous *Sonnet to Lake Lemán*, Rousseau's was the first illustrious name he mentioned in the brief roll of *Heirs of Immortality*. Enthusiasm for the *Nouvelle Héloïse* led directly to the composition of *The Prisoner of Chillon*. Byron discussed and repudiated, with Stendhal in 1817, his mother's old dream that he closely resembled Rousseau. But the only thing which prevented his embracing this notion, and insisting on being considered an *avatar* of the philosopher, was his perception of something turbid in the character of Rousseau, hostile to the luminous ideal of 1816. The English poet preferred to be thought to resemble "an alabaster vase lighted up within." But all his life the memory of Jean Jacques continued to haunt him; he recollected the *ranz des vaches* when he was writing *The Two Foscari* (1821) and *la pervenche* in the fourteenth canto of *Don Juan* (December, 1823). When Byron died at Missolonghi, there passed away in him the latest and the most passionate of Rousseau's English admirers.

The rapture of the sentimental poets was not allowed to rest unrebuffed. In October, 1816, no less an authority on romance, no less sane and typical, and yet moderate and sound an exponent of English feeling than Sir Walter Scott, took up his parable against the sentimentality of the disciples of Rousseau. In reviewing "Childe Harold III," in the *Quarterly*, Walter Scott takes Byron severely to task for his exaggerated praise of Rousseau. He

says of himself that he is "almost ashamed to avow the truth—he had never been able to feel the interest or discover the merit of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. . . . The dulness of the story is the last apology for its exquisite immorality." It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this utterance of Walter Scott, who was at that very moment bringing forth the amazing series of his own novels, which were to destroy the taste of his countrymen for all such works of the imagination as Rousseau had produced. Scott is no less condemnatory of the political influence of the philosopher. Deeply blaming the French Revolution, he styles Rousseau "a primary apostle" of it. "On the silliness of Rousseau," on the subject of political equality, "It is at this time of day, thank God! useless to expatiate." This was a counter-blast, indeed, to the melodious trumpetings of Byron and Shelley.

To a reputation already much reduced, the publication, in 1818, of the *Mémoires et Conversations* of Madame d'Épinay was a fresh blow. These were very much discussed in England, and Jeffrey called the special attention of his readers to the lady's revelations of Rousseau's "eccentricity, insanity, and vice." This produced a painful effect. It was urged by English critics that Jean Jacques, who had been held up as a portent of almost divine ethical beauty, seemed, on the contrary, to have claimed, "as the reward of genius and fine writing, an exemption from all moral duties." Jeffrey called indignant attention to the "most rooted and disgusting selfishness" of Rousseau, and quoted with approval the *boutade* of Diderot, "Cet homme est un forcené." The publication of Madame de Staël's *Œuvres Inédites*, brought out by Madame Necker-Saussure in 1820, further lowered the English estimate of the "selfish and ungrateful" Rousseau. He was still praised for his "warmth

of imagination," but told that he was vastly inferior to Madame de Staël herself in style. The *Edinburgh Review* now proclaimed, as a painful discovery, that Rousseau's affection for mankind, was entirely theoretical, and "had no living objects in this world," while it blushed at the "very scandalous and improper" facts about his private life which were now more and more frequently being revealed.

The publication of Simond's *Voyage en Suisse* (1822), which was widely read in England, continued the work of denigration. Simond spoke with contempt, and even with bitterness, of the moral character of Rousseau. His English critics pointed out that, although a republican, Simond rose above political prejudice. He called the *Confessions* the most admirable, but at the same time the most vile of all the productions of genius. Jeffrey, once again, was eloquent in the denunciation of Rousseau's personal character, which there seemed to be no one left in England to defend. This was about the time that special attention began to be drawn to Rousseau's exposure of his natural children, which had long been known, but which now began to excite English disgust. Moreover, the loose way in which Rousseau treated fact and logic irritated the newer school of English and Scotch politicians much more than it had done their predecessors, and the invectives of Burke were revived and confirmed. There were still some private, though few public, admirers of Rousseau in England. Carlyle was too original not to perceive the value of the Genevan philosopher's historical attitude, and not to feel a genuine sympathy for his character. But we find him quoting (in 1823) the habits of "John James," as he chose to call him, not adversely but a little slightly.

Almost the latest eulogist of Rousseau, before Morley, was the veteran

Republican poet Walter Savage Landor, whose admirable *Malesherbes and Rousseau* appeared, almost unnoticed, in the third series of the *Imaginary Conversations* (1828). This interesting composition was certainly not written when Landor reviewed his own unpublished writings in 1824; we may probably date it 1826. It was a belated expression of the enthusiasm of a preceding generation, in full sympathy with the attitude of Hazlitt and Byron. It attracted no attention, for England was by this time wholly out of touch with the old preference of the impulse of the individual in opposition to the needs of the State. There was in England a growing cultivation of science, and by its side a growing suspicion of rhetoric, and both of these discouraged what was superficially lax in the views and in the expression of Rousseau. The *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality*, which had delighted an earlier generation of English Liberals, was now re-examined, and was rejected with impatience as "dangerous moonshine," supported by illogical and even ridiculous arguments. Moreover, the study of anthropology was advancing out of the state of infancy, and was occupying serious minds in England, who were exasperated by Rousseau's fantastic theory of the purity of savage society, and a Golden Age of primal innocence. Moreover, as Morley long afterwards pointed out, from about the year 1825, there was a rapid increase in England of the superficial cultivation of letters, and particularly of scientific investigation. At the same time, the temper of the English nation repelled, with anger, the notion that a Swiss philosopher, of discredited personal character, could be allowed to denounce the whole system of science and literature.

Thus from every point of view, the hold which Rousseau had held on English adoration was giving away. His

influence was like a snow man in the sun; it melted and dripped from every limb, from all parts of its structure. But probably what did more than anything else to exclude Rousseau from English sympathy, and to drive his works out of popular attention, was the sterner code of conduct which came in, as a reaction to the swinish coarseness of the late Georgian period. We must pay some brief attention to a moral and religious phenomenon which was probably more than any other fatal to the prestige of Rousseau.

The great feature of the new Evangelical movement was an insistence on points of conduct which had, indeed, always been acknowledged in the English Church as important, but which were now exalted into an excessive pre-eminence. There was suddenly seen, throughout the country, a marvellous increase in religious zeal, in the urging of penitence, contrition and unworldliness upon young minds, in the activity which made practical and operative what had hitherto been largely theoretical. There was a very wide awakening of the sense of sin, and a quickening, even a morbid and excessive quickening, of the Christian instinct to put off "the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and to put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness." This conviction of sin and humble acceptance of righteousness was to be accompanied by a cultivation of all the contrite and retired and decent aptitudes of conduct, so that not only should no wrong be done to the souls of others, but no offence given. These were the objects which occupied the active and holy minds of the early Evangelists, and of none of them more practically, in relation to the studies and the reading of the young, than of the great leader of the movement, Charles Simeon (1756-1836).

We have forgotten, to a great ex-

tent, the amazing influence which the preaching and the practice of these leading Evangelicals exercised in England between 1820 and 1840. It is certain that the young scholars of Cambridge who surrounded Simeon from 1810 onwards were much more numerous and no less active than those who surrounded Newman and Pusey at Oxford about 1835; while in each case the disciples trained in the school of enthusiasm were soon dispersed, to spread the flame of zeal throughout the length and breadth of the Three Kingdoms. In the preface of his famous *Helps to Composition*, a work of epoch-making character, Simeon boldly proposed three tests to be applied to any species of literature. When confronted by a book, the reader should ask, "Does it uniformly tend to humble the Sinner, to exalt the Saviour, to promote holiness?" A work that lost sight of any one of these three points was to be condemned without mercy. The simplicity and freshness of the Evangelicals, their ridicule of what was called "the dignity of the pulpit," their active, breathless zeal in urging what they thought a purer faith upon all classes of society, gave them a remarkable power over generous and juvenile natures. Their leaders were wealthy, they were powerful, they stormed the high places of society, and it may without exaggeration be said that for the time being they changed the whole character of the surface of English social life.

The work of the Evangelicals, in emphasizing the strong reaction against the coarseness of the Georgian era, has been greatly forgotten in England, and on the Continent has never been in the least understood. It is responsible, to deal solely with what interests us in our present inquiry, for the prudery and "hypocrisy" of which European criticism so universally accuses our Victorian literature and habits of thought. It is perhaps useless to con-

tend against a charge so generally brought against English ideas, and this is not the place to attempt it. But, so far as Rousseau is concerned, it is necessary to point out that to a generation which revolted against lasciviousness in speech, and which believed that an indecent looseness in art and literature was a sin against God, the charm of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and of the *Confessions* could not be apparent. It is of no service to talk about "hypocrisy"; English readers simply disliked books of that sort, and there must be an end of it.

A single example may serve to show how rapid the change had been. Sir James Edward Smith (1759-1828) was an eminent botanist, who travelled widely and wrote many letters. In 1832 his *Memoirs and Correspondences* were published, a lively work which was much read. But Smith, living at the close of the eighteenth century, had been an ardent admirer of Rousseau, and this appeared glaringly in his letters. Reviewers in 1832 had to find excuses for his "charitable eye" and to attribute his partiality to Rousseau's being a botanist. There was quite a flutter, almost a scandal. One critic plainly said that Sir J. E. Smith's "character would not have suffered if he had made some abatement from his extravagant eulogy" of Rousseau. The *Edinburgh Review* was very severe, and regretted that the worthy botanist had not realized that "religious toleration does not imply the toleration of immorality," and that "licentiousness of speculation is as hostile to civil liberty as licentiousness of conduct." A critic of the same period roundly says that "the vices and opinions of Rousseau are of so malignant an aspect that the virtues which accompany them serve only to render them more loathsome."

Thus Rousseau, who in 1800 was regarded in England, even by his enemies, as the most enchanting of writ-

ers, had by 1835 sunken to be treated as despicable, hardly to be quoted by decent people, not to be read save in secret. He was seldom mentioned, except to be reviled. The career of Rousseau does not come within the scope of Hallam as a critic, yet that historian is unable, in the second volume of his *Literature of Europe* (1838), to resist a sneer at the *Contrat Social*, while he describes Rousseau's arguments as an "insinuation" and a "calumny." We find so grave and dignified an historian as Burton using his *Life of Hume* (1846) as a means of placing Rousseau in the most odious light possible, and without a word of sympathy. To the younger Herman Merivale, in 1850, the influence of Rousseau seemed "simply mischievous," but he rejoiced to think that his fame was "a by-gone fashion." Having, in October, 1853, been led to express an ambiguous comment on the *Confessions*, Mrs. Jameson, then the leading English art critic, hastened to excuse herself by explaining that "of course, we speak without reference to the immorality which deforms that work." It would be easy to multiply such expressions, but difficult, indeed, in the middle of the century, to find a responsible word published by an English writer in praise of Rousseau.

After this, till Morley's monograph, there is very little to be recorded. Rousseau passed out of sight and out of mind, and was known only to those few who went to foreign sources of inspiration in that age of hard British insularity. But we have lately learned that there were two great authors who, in the seclusion of their own libraries, were now subjecting themselves to the fascination of the Genevan. On February 9th, 1849, George Eliot wrote thus privately to a friend:—

It would signify nothing to me if a very wise person were to stun me with proofs that Rousseau's views of life,

religion, and government are miserably erroneous—that he was guilty of some of the worst *bassesses* that have degraded civilized man. I might admit all this: and it would not be the less true that Rousseau's genius has sent that electric thrill through my intellectual and moral frame which has wakened me to new perceptions. . . . The rushing mighty wind of his imagination has so quickened my faculties that I have been able to shape more definitely for myself ideas which had previously dwelt as dim *Ahnungen* in my soul; the fire of his genius has so fused together old thoughts and prejudices, that I have been ready to make new combinations.

Even more remarkable is the evidence which Mr. Cook, in his *Life of Ruskin* (1911) has produced with regard to the attitude of that illustrious writer. It was in 1849, just when George Eliot was finding her spirit quickened by the inspiration of Rousseau, that John Ruskin, at the age of thirty, made a pilgrimage to Les Charmettes. The political revolt which colored all his later years was now beginning to move in him, and for the first time he felt affinities existing between his own nature and that of Rousseau. This consciousness increased upon him. In 1862 he wrote, "I know of no man whom I more entirely resemble than Rousseau. If I were asked whom of all men of any name in past time I thought myself to be grouped with, I should answer unhesitatingly—Rousseau. I judge by the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, the *Confessions*, the writings of Politics and the life in the *Ile St. Pierre*." In 1866 Ruskin added, "The intense resemblance between me and Rousseau increases upon my mind more and more." Finally, in *Preterita* (1886) he openly acknowledged his life-long debt to Rousseau. We may therefore set down the impact of Rousseau upon Ruskin as marking the main influence of the Genevese writer's genius upon English literature in the

nineteenth century, but this was sympathetic, subterranean, and, in a sense, secret. Without Rousseau, indeed, there never would have been Ruskin, yet we are only now beginning to recognize the fact.

Of the overt cult of Rousseau, even of careful and detailed examination of his works, there was none until Mr. (now Viscount) Morley published his brilliant monograph in 1873. This famous book, so remarkable for its gravity and justice, its tempered enthusiasm, its absence of prejudice, the harmony and illumination of its parts, is the one exception to the neglect of Jean Jacques by nineteenth-century Englishmen. It removed the reproach of our insular ignorance; it rose at once to the highest level of Continental literature on the subject. The monograph of Morley has become a classic. Incessantly reprinted, it has remained the text-book of English students of Rousseau. It is needless in this place to draw attention to its eminent qualities, or to the fact that it contained, and continues to contain, *lacunæ* which the eminent writer has not attempted to fill up by the light of later research. In particular, it is impossible not to regret that Lord Morley was unacquainted with the documents, so learnedly edited and lucidly arranged by M. L. J. Courtois, on the events of Rousseau's sojourn in England. But Lord Morley, immersed in the duties of a statesman, seems long ago to have lost all interest in the subject which he illuminated so brilliantly nearly forty years ago.

The Fortnightly Review.

The wide publicity given to Morley's book did not, strangely enough, lead to any great revival of the study of Rousseau in Great Britain. English readers were content to accept the statements and the views of Morley without any special attempt to examine or continue them. There was no outburst of Rousseau study in England in consequence of the volumes of 1873. English translations of his works continued to be few and poor, and over the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and the *Confessions* there still hung a cloud of reproach. They were held to be immoral, and dull in their immorality. During the last decade of the century, however, a certain quickening of interest began to show itself in a variety of ways.

A Rousseauiste, who excelled all other disciples in the vehemence of her admiration, was revealed in 1895 by the *Studies in the France of Voltaire and Rousseau* of Mrs. Frederika Macdonald. These, however, were at first but little noticed, and the labors of this lady, culminating at present in her somewhat violent and excessive, but learned and original *New Criticism of J. J. Rousseau* (1906) and *The Humane Philosophy* (1908), belong to the twentieth century. It is to be hoped that the essays of Mrs. Macdonald may stimulate a new body of workers to remove the stigma which has lain on England for a hundred years of being dry with cynical neglect of Rousseau while all the rest of the threshing-floor of Europe was wet with the dews of vivifying criticism.

Edmund Gosse.

CATULLUS AND JAKE.

The thirteenth of Catullus's poems, beginning

Cenabis bene, mi Fabulle, apud me
(Dine, thou shalt, and not ill, sir, at
my quarters)

is an invitation to Fabullus to dine on what we know as the Dutch treat plan. The invited guest is not only to bring the food and wine, but also to come provided with merriment and wit,

and not to leave his fair sweetheart behind. When the bachelor brother of Dr. Holmes used to invite Mr. Howells to dinner he provided the dinner, but they ate at the Howells' home, and the meal was braced by Mrs. Howells' presence. The Bohemian Catullus—how worlds apart!—undertook to give his guest a hearty welcome and something even choicer:

nam unguentum dabo, quod meae
puellae
donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque

(I'll the perfume bestow that on my
mistress
Show'r'd adown all the Venuses and
Cupids).

What prompted Catullus's invitation? A recent commentator surmises that Fabullus had invited himself to dinner, and he is right, perhaps, in his interpretation of *cenabis bene* as a reply to the formula of self-invitation, *cenabo apud te* (I'd like to dine with you). The comparison of 47. 6,

mei sodales
Quaerunt in trivio vocationes

(and ye, my comrades,
Needs must seek on the corner invita-
tions),

wherein Catullus complains that Fabullus and another friend have to tout on the street corners for their "bids" to dinner, certainly justifies to some extent the surmise. Still, Catullus preserves the appearance of true cordiality by the warmth of his promised welcome.

In undertaking to supply the perfume which the Venuses and Cupids had bestowed on his girl I take it that Catullus promised actual perfume as well as the sweet presence of his own sweetheart. Can it be possible that he promised the appearance of a Claudia, the wife of a Metellus, at this unconventional, unchaperoned dinner-party? Was Madame Grundy perhaps away

from Rome? No, it must have been some Rossettian Jenny that he meant.

A curious light, even if it come from a Will-o'-the-wisp, is thrown on the twelfth line by comparing an inscription on a pomade pot (*vas unguentarium*) found in excavating a garden on the Tiber. The pot is a plain one of clay, and the lettering was scratched on it after the clay had been baked. The inscription reads

AMOR MED FLACA DEDE,
(Love me on Flacca bestowed),

and of the four words all but the first appear to be old Latin, as spoken by the masses. The Thesaurus, that great store-house of Latinity which is issuing so slowly from German presses as to make us wonder if life will last to get it all, pronounces the inscription very ancient, which means for a Latin inscription a time at least prior to 150 B.C. Objectively considered, the forms of the letters admit, but by no means require, so early a date. The word Amor is dubious as to meaning. Is it "love" the noun, or the Greek proper name Eros, done into Latin? The sober Thesaurus pronounces it, by an effort of the imagination, the name of a man of the lower classes: a plain pomade pot argues a plain lover. This is an obvious guess, but a man named Amor would, we must grant, have surely belonged below the salt. For myself, I suspect that Amor is meant for the name of the god, Cupid, and that our pomade pot contains an echo of Catullus. Propertius certainly echoes Catullus, and replaces Cupido by Amor in the following lines (2. 29, 17-18)—

afflabunt tibi non Arabum de gramine
odores
sed quos ipse suis fecit Amor mani-
bus,

which we may condense into

Breathing on thee no scents of Araby
myrrh:

Love's own hands compounded the scents thou wear'st.

All three passages, Catullus, Propertius and the little inscription, seen to attest a sort of "Love's pomade" (*Amoris unguentum*). Was this a trade name for some pomade made by little Cupids like those engaged in making perfumed oil in the well-known Pompeian picture, a century after Catullus, or was it a name coined by some poet of yore to describe his mistress's favorite scent? Had the name lived on into Catullus and Propertius? How account for it then on the ancient humble pomade pot of a *Flaca*, and at a date, barring intentional archaism, that could certainly not have been later than 150 B.C.? But what we have is, I think, an intentional archaism. Nor is it hard to divine a motive for archaization on this inscription. The young lady, *Flaca*, was, let us assume, like the mistresses of Catullus, Fabullus and all the rest, a sort of poetess (*docta*) herself, with an affected way of spelling her name, which she believed to be "scholarly." On this affectation, on this enthusiasm for the antique, her jesting lover played.

In every literary hoax, as in the forgeries of baser intent, there is apt to lurk some inconsistency, something that betrays the date. Was not this true even when a Thackeray tried to portray a Henry Esmond in a contemporary atmosphere as to dialect? We may dismiss in our inscription the fluctuation between *II* (for *E* in *MED*) and the two *E*'s of *DEDE*, as we cannot cavil because only one long vowel in the inscription is provided with an apex or sign of length, viz. in *Flāca*, but the presence of an apex at all on an inscription of so early a type is enough to make us question its genuineness. Because of such an apex on an *A* Mommsen challenged the absolute contemporaneousness of an official inscription of the first consulate of Sulla, and

besides that case no apex on an *A* is of date earlier than 50 B.C. Sporadic cases of *U* with an apex are found a little prior to Sulla even, but they are under suspicion. Personally, I fancy that they were not the later apex, intentionally marking length, but arose as shorthand indications of the vanished *O* when *OV* came to be written *V*, as German *ü* is for *ue*.

For an inscription of so early a date, the apex in *Flāca* is decidedly an apex *de trop*, and I have wondered if the apex, taken with that part of the right shank below it, was not rather part of a monogram for *AC*. But in this matter we can but be guided by Dressel, the official editor of the inscription, who, if any one, ought to know an apex when he sees it. The apex, however, shows that the inscription is pseudo-archaic because it clearly seems to have a quotation from Catullus on it.

To make clear a motive for the forgery, let me tell my imaginatively reconstructed story—and it must be borne in mind that even so sober an interpretation as the statement that *Amor* was the name of a man of low degree is nothing but an imaginative reconstruction. The story will be like this: There was a young woman (of the *Hetaira* class?) named *Flacca*, who set up for a poetess (*docta*). She claimed relationship with Quintus Horatius Flaccus, unless her (affected) love for the antique was due to setting up descent from Valerius Flaccus, colleague of Marius in the consulship about 100 B.C. In *Flacca* we have an early instance of the *précieuse* type of *Madelon* or *Cathos*, a prototype of that *Roxane* whose preciosity *Cyrano* beguiled with his fantastic description of a kiss as the rose-red point dotting the *i* of *aimer*. To pleasure her, some admirer got hold of an antique plain pot and scratched on it, in what he fancied was an archaic, though not entirely consistent,

alphabet, the words *Amor meū* (archaic for *me*, accus.). *Flāca* (for *Flaccae*, dat.) *dede* (for *dedit*)=Love me on Flacca bestowed. Models for these three forms might doubtless have been found by any one with eyes to see, at the cost of a ten-minute examination of the votive offerings in any old Roman shrine. In the sentiment expressed by his words the donor drew on his recollection of Catullus 13. 11—12—

nam unguentum dabo, quod meae
puellae
donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque.

In the odes of Horace (IV, 12) we find another invitation to a Dutch treat dinner, and, on the face of it, the invited guest was no less a person than the poet Virgil. That Horace also was writing under the influence of our Catullus poem seems, by his inversion of rôles, to be a most likely conclusion. Horace asks his guest to bring the perfume, undertaking himself to supply the wine and the other things needful for the dinner.

I find it hard to feel the proper patience with those scholars who have declared that the Vergilius addressed could not have been the poet, but was a dealer in perfumes: as if Horace, however indifferent he showed himself to the great, was likely to have sunk the difference in social rank between himself and a *parfumeur*! And what are the objections to identifying Vergilius with the poet? First, that the fourth book of the odes was published six years after Virgil's death. That would not have been an argument if the publication had taken place twenty years after. But the argument that has really moved the doubters is the second: Horace in his poem speaks of Vergilius as the *juvenum nobilitum cliens* (habitual guest of youths of rank) and bids him to put by his desire of gain (*pone . . . studium lucrī*). This has been understood, if not for-

mally interpreted, to imply that the Virgil addressed was a toady and addicted to money getting. Such a meaning is not necessarily inherent in the words. We know how Cicero in his later years makes merry in his correspondence over the occasions when he was the guest of noble youths. Think how the gilded youth must have rejoiced to entertain lions like Cicero and Virgil. Why do the biographers of Virgil, who tell us so little, take the pains to tell us that he had a delicate digestion and often had to decline invitations where the feeding was high? Perhaps, because a time came when he had to break with an earlier practice of accepting invitations. Perhaps because he had to discriminate and ended by accepting only a few of his invitations. Who shall tell us that Virgil was averse to gain? Shakespeare had an eye to the main chance, as Mr. Sidney Lee has shown us. Is Shakespeare the poet the less Shakespeare therefore? Let us admit that Horace's words are ambiguous enough to be construed as flings at Virgil: then we have the reason why Horace withheld the poem from publication till Virgil's death. When Horace wrote this invitation in verse to Virgil he may have been teasing, but he knew, and Virgil knew, that these were not taunts, and in the interval of ten years between the publication of the first collection of odes (books I—III, 23 B.C.) and of the second (book IV, 13 B.C.) there was a space of four years prior to Virgil's death in 19 B.C., in which the invitation might have been penned. Or it may have been withheld from the first collection.

That, as learned critics have suggested, Horace could have addressed the splendid last stanza of his invitation to some homunculus of a *parfumeur* rather than to Virgil, the poet, seems to me quite unthinkable. I will undertake to give you his bare thought, his mere words, and even, with drawbacks, to

imitate the rhythm, but the sweet fragrance of the associations, associations to which the centuries have added much of unearned increment, escapes.

Come now, no more excuse, drop thy pursuit of gain,

Mindful, whiles but thou may'st, mindful of black death's fires,

Mingle folly a bit, mix it with wisdom's lore,

Ay, e'en folly in season's sweet.

What was the gain that Virgil pursued? Well, for one thing, he knew how to get large rewards and pensions from Augustus, but Horace seems to me—am I, too, engaged in vindicating Virgil?—to have meant the pursuit of true gain as Virgil conceived it, progress in his studies, in his art, in a philosophy of life and conduct—in Philosophy to whom, as we otherwise know, he had devoted his closing years. Am I wrong in thinking of him as one redeeming the time, as the judicious Virgil? Horace, the volatile, for so he has described himself, invites Virgil, the serious, to give over for a time his earnestness and come to dine with him:—

With thy wisdom folly (*stultitia*) mingle,

Folly (*desipere*) hath her season too.

But some spectacled critic owl croaks at us that this fooling (*desipere*) could not be an invitation to the poet to join in a wine-party, because, forsooth, on another occasion, writing to Leuconoe, a demimondaine anxious to learn her horoscope from the Gypsies, to find what length of days was allotted to her, he had said, "Be wise (*sapias*) and let the cankin clink." What did he do in both cases? In the first, he bade an anxious, perplexed Hetaïra show her sense and drive dull care away with wine, while to Virgil he said, "Come, drink wine, though you think it folly, for folly's sweet in season."

What nonsense all this becomes if we replace Virgil, the poet, by Vergilius,

the *parfumeur*. Trades had their social character at Rome, and however independent Horace showed himself to the great, we may wonder if, with the tradespeople at Rome, he was sincerely democratic. Could he have called, even in irony, the money-grubbing of this tradesman wisdom? Horace, who taught the doctrine of the simple life—only, I must candidly confess to believing, the simple life of the brown-stone front of Oliver Wendell Holmes—could this Horace have admitted that a *parfumeur* had fobbed him off, him, the confidential friend of Maecenas, with excuses?

No, Martin is right. It was Virgil, the poet, whom Horace urged to come to a Dutch treat dinner. His words fit no less a personage. I can sympathize with Mr. T. E. Page, that competent and accomplished Horatian, when he belittles Martin's rendering of the ode, for Martin is a very diffused translator of Horace as of Catullus. But Martin's instinct picked the only possible Virgil to whom the ode could have been addressed.

It was rather late when I came to read Catullus's Dutch treat invitation to Fabullus. My college was a little place of plain living and serious, not to say, high thinking. Catullus and Roman *Vers de Société* did not well enter into the scheme of things there, and there was too much ado learning to construe Greek and Latin to be getting the syllabub of literature. So it was relatively late that I made the acquaintance of Catullus, with pen,

Or heated white in fire or dipt in honey dew.

But when I came to Catullus, I found in the thirteenth poem an old friend, and my heart turned back to Jake.

Dear old Jake, you would be surprised, I think, to know the affection in which I hold you after these years, and would hardly be prepared for a greeting so warm. I suppose I even hold

you dearer because of the years. A boy does not realize at the time his affection for a servant. You had the virtues of your race, and wander now somewhere I trust o'er the fields of asphodel among the kindly. You had the faults of your race too. You loitered and perhaps *malingered at times*, and because you loitered I was often sent, several years before my 'teens, on long wagon journeys with you, to constitute a monitor of promptness. I owe it to your memory to say that in all those hours of association with you you never did an ugly thing in my presence nor spoke a corrupting word.

The Oxford and Cambridge Review.

Jake sang, in the crooning, imperfect, haunting way of his race. If, in the realm of shadows, Catullus should ever meet him he would be surprised to hear in Jake's favorite song, a song I heard him sing a *thousand times*, a far-off echo of his own invitation to Fabullus—

I've got a little house down in town,
An' I want you to come fo' to see me.
Eat yo' breakfast 'fo' you come, bring
your dinner wid' you
And skip out befo' supper time.

But I think Catullus might have keenly missed, in stopping to listen to Jake's song, the pot of Love's pomade.

Edwin W. Fay.

THE RETURN TO NATURE.

AN ISLAND COMEDY.

Miss Phyllis Etherington, conscious of a sudden chilliness in her toes, crossly drew those extremities into a less adventurous position and endeavored to recompose herself to slumber. But she was aware, even in the semi-stupor in which she lay, of a certain element of disturbance in her surroundings. Her pillow felt extremely hard, and the sun appeared to be streaming through her cabin skylight with unusual ferocity. Had she overslept herself, she wondered. How about breakfast? She must have lain long. Had she been called? Certainly she was beginning to feel thoroughly restless. Something rigid and unyielding was pressing against her ribs. A book, perhaps: she was in the habit of reading late in bed and dropping off to sleep, the volume under perusal usually being retrieved somewhere in the neighborhood of the hot-water bottle in the morning. Should she make an effort now, or—the sluggard's inevitable alternative—give herself just five minutes longer?

The question was settled for her.

Her toes were once again sending up signals for help, and their appeal was backed ten seconds later by a sudden splash of water, which broke over the sleeper's feet and deluged her to the knees.

Miss Etherington sat up suddenly, to realize that she had mistaken her whereabouts. It was a dream reversed. Instead of tumbling out of fairy-land to wake up in bed, she had tumbled out of bed to wake up in fairyland.

She was sitting upon a sunny shore—a concave arc of shelving yellow sand, with blue and white wavelets lazily rolling up and down the declivity. One of these broke gently over her bare feet for the third time.

Woman-like, she took a lightning inventory of her costume—and gave a little gasp of dismay. Her toilet presented the appearance of having been begun in haste and not finished at all. Her long hair, dank but luxurious, flowed down to her waist. A saxe-blue serge skirt fluttered round her bare ankles. Her most adequate article of attire was a cork life-belt, fas-

tened round her quilted dressing-gown. She was stiff and aching in every limb.

She remembered all now. The yacht—the tropical hurricane—the grinding crash in the dead of night—the trampling of feet overhead and the hoarse shouting of men—the heeling decks and flapping ropes—a pair of hands which had hurried her along the sloping alleyways and passed her down into a heaving cockle-shell—finally, the great green wave which had swung up out of the darkness and fallen upon them all and carried her down, down, down, until she lost consciousness. And here she was, cast up and alive upon a warm sandy beach. The life-belt was responsible for that, she supposed. She had no recollection of having put it on, though. Probably the hands which hurried her on deck had attended to that. There was a number on it: *S.Y. Island Queen, R.Y.S.—State-Room No. 3*. The number of her state-room was seven, so this could not be the belt which she had noticed rolled up in a rack above her berth, lazily wondering if she would ever need it.

Then, as her senses adjusted themselves, came the inevitable inquiry: "Where were the others? Her host, that cheerful, kindly old nobleman, was he gone? What a death for a man reputed to know the Pacific as most amateurs know the Solent! And the Arthur Denholms? And Colonel Shiell? And Margaret Alderson? And—" Miss Etherington's exquisite features hardened for a moment—"Leslie Gale?"

Then her face softened again. Death closes all accounts. Leslie Gale, lying peacefully in twenty fathoms of blue water, could never again do anything to increase or diminish the sum-total of his account with her—an account opened, run up, audited, and found incorrect in every possible way within a brief but extremely stormy period of

three weeks. That vendetta was at an end, anyway.

Why had she come to dislike him so intensely? she wondered. Was it because he had asked her to marry him? Apparently not; for in that case she should at this moment be cherishing the bitterest feelings towards some seventeen other gentlemen, mostly of blameless character and antecedents, who had at various periods mooted the same proposition. Was it because he had proposed to her after an acquaintance of three days? no; one man had done so after one ball, and she had felt rather flattered. She had disliked Leslie Gale from the moment of their first meeting. He had not treated her with the respect—not to say the servility—to which she was accustomed. She objected also to the manner in which he had treated his dismissal. True, he had not behaved violently or idiotically, like most of the others. On the contrary, he had exhibited most exasperating detachment of mind about it, and had talked—no, *chatted* to her about herself in a manner which she resented very much. He had appeared almost sorry for her.

"You are in a difficult position," he said musingly, at that point in their interview at which a right-minded lover would have taken a pathetic departure. "You are a girl with brains and character—and a bit of a spoiled child into the bargain. You cannot love a man who is your mental and moral inferior, and you are too opinionated and conceited to give in to your superior. So you fall between two stools."

At this she had been unable to resist the temptation of a crushing retort.

"Are you my superior?" she rapped out.

"Yes."

Joy! He had fallen into the trap.

"Then"—maliciously—"why don't you subdue me?"

On paper, there was no answer to this question; but this bumptious young man had replied without hesitation—

"Because you won't stand your ground. You will run away."

"Why should I run away—from you?" inquired Miss Etherington icily.

"Because," replied Mr. Gale, "you are afraid of me."

"Indeed?"

"Yes."

"Then you think you will subdue me?"

"No," he said frankly—"I don't. You won't give me the chance. Modern civilization deprives man of many of his weapons. If we were shut up together on a desert island, or if we had lived in the cave-dwelling period——"

"You would have subdued me with a flint axe, I suppose," said Miss Etherington scornfully.

"No, not at all. There would have been no need. If I had wanted you I should have used the flint axe to settle the claims of your other suitors, and then picked you up and carried you off."

"It is possible," said Miss Etherington gently, "that I might not have come."

"Yes, you would. You would have come gladly, knowing that the best man had got you; and that is all a woman really cares about."

"If you honestly believe that," replied Miss Etherington almost compassionately, "all I can say is that your intelligence is even more unformed than I suspected. When you have seen a little more of the world you will realize that mankind has progressed beyond the schoolboy attitude towards life. Women are now free agents."

"Yes. And I'm not sure," remarked the experienced Mr. Gale, "that there are as many happy marriages under the new system as the old. Women are notoriously bad judges of a man. I shall watch your future career with

interest, Miss Etherington—interest and apprehension. In matters of the heart I mistrust your judgment."

He rose.

"Now," he said, "if you would like to have the last word you had better say it at once; because it is getting late, and the rest of the party may be wondering what you and I are discussing under the lee of the chart-house."

At this Miss Etherington had risen from her seat and sailed silently and majestically aft.

That was a fortnight ago. Since then, in the constricted space of a yacht, friction had been inevitable. Miss Etherington at first made an attempt to avoid Mr. Gale's society, but relinquished this on being taunted with "running away." So she changed her tactics, and treated Mr. Gale with excessive sprightliness in public and cold disdain in private. Gale's flippant and philosophical detachment did not wear well. He maintained a careless and semi-humorous pose for about a week, and then one evening, under the baneful influence of a full round moon, suddenly crumpled up and descended to sentimental entreaty. Miss Etherington, perceiving that he had delivered himself into her hands, let him run on for nearly ten minutes, and then gave free rein to a rather exceptional talent for biting sarcasm. Gale's amorous expansiveness collapsed like a punctured balloon at the first stab; and feeling hot and foolish and being a man, he lost his temper, and said things which should not be said to a lady, however provoking.

Then followed seven days of open hostility. Finally one night, when the indefatigable Mrs. Arthur Denholm organized a dance on the deck under the awning, Leslie Gale, who hated feuds, summoned his entire stock of common-sense and courage and asked Miss Etherington for a waltz.

He met with a flat refusal, for which

he was fully prepared. He persisted.

"Nonsense!" he said. "Come on! Just a little turn! It will do us both good," he added meaningly.

Without further entreaty he placed an arm round Miss Etherington's slim waist, and trundled her unresisting but unresponsive form twice round the deck. Then, a little blown by the considerable exertion involved, he paused, and remarked cheerfully—

"That was splendid!"

Miss Etherington swiftly released her waist from his arm, and crossed the deck to where one Ommaney, a callow and cub-like member of the company, was loolling against a stanchion.

"Billy dear," she said, with an entrancing smile, "will you dance with me?"

Billy, much flattered, complied.

An hour later Miss Etherington, on her way to bed, found her path barred by Mr. Leslie Gale, who was standing at the foot of the companion. His face was white, and his teeth chattered gently—but not with cold or fear.

"Let me pass, please," said Miss Etherington, rather nervously.

"I only wanted to say," answered Mr. Gale in a voice which Miss Etherington had never heard before, "that I think you are the most ill-bred and detestable girl I have ever met. You may pass now."

That was last night—say twelve hours ago. And now Leslie Gale was dead, lying with the wreck of the yacht deep down beside the coral reef that had wrecked them. Dead! And so were the others, to all seeming. She gazed round—at the horse-shoe curve of the little bay; at the palm-covered slopes behind her; at the boiling surge outside the bar. Was she utterly alone? She was a plucky young woman, and declined to be frightened until she was sure.

She sprang resolutely to her feet and set out inland. Not far off uprose a

little hill. From the summit of this she could survey her kingdom and take an inventory of its possibilities. She was not beaten yet. Her pulse beat high. Her small bare toes resolutely crimped the sand.

Meanwhile, behind an adjacent sand-hill, following the movements of his beloved with breathless interest, lay Mr. Leslie Gale. He chuckled gently. His chief asset in life—some people considered it a liability—was a strong if somewhat untimely sense of humor. Not even a recent escape from a watery grave could damp his enjoyment of the situation. He sat up in his rapidly drying pajamas, and slapped himself feebly.

"My sainted aunt!" he murmured brokenly. "I shall have to get a flint axe!"

II.

Miss Etherington, white-lipped and struggling gamely with the terrors of utter loneliness, lay face downward upon a patch of coral sand. She had completed her survey of the island, which was not much larger than a couple of full-sized golf courses; and lo! it was her exclusive property. There were no habitations, and no inhabitants. She lay very still, holding herself in. Once or twice her shoulders heaved.

Suddenly, like music from heaven, the sound of a discreet and thoroughly British cough fell upon her ears, and in a moment the cobweb of terror which was beginning to enshroud her senses was swept away. Hardly believing her good fortune, she sprang up, tossed back her hair from her eyes—and found herself face to face with Mr. Leslie Gale.

"Oh!" she gasped. "You?"

"Yes—just me!" he replied. "There is nobody else."

"Are all the others—?" She pointed to the tumbling seas outside the bar.

"I don't know," replied Gale, interpreting the question. "Very likely most of them got away in the lifeboat. You were in the cutter, you know."

"If they escaped, wouldn't they have landed here?" said the girl doubtfully.

"I'm not so sure. That squall which struck us was the tail-end of a cyclone. They may have been swept out to sea. In fact," he added, covertly regarding Miss Etherington's white face and troubled eyes, "I am *sure* they were. I saw them get clear away myself. Anyhow, they are not here. I have been all over the island to see."

"Are there any traces?"

"Yes, but not of human beings. Chiefly spars and gratings. I collected all I could: they may be useful for—domestic purposes."

It was not, perhaps, a very happy way of putting it. Miss Etherington flushed and demanded—

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. We may have to stay here for months. Are you an expert at household management? Can you tend the fireside, while I labor to keep the home together?"

"I *can't* live here alone with you for months," cried the girl desperately.

"I am afraid it can't be helped," said Mr. Gale. "We may get taken off by some passing vessel, but for the present you must be content to live the life of a cave-woman."

Miss Etherington caught the allusion, and her spirit responded instantaneously to the implied challenge.

"First find your cave!" she replied disdainfully.

"By the greatest luck in the world," announced Mr. Gale calmly, "I have already done so. Come and see."

He led the way along the sea-shore, eager to exhibit his discovery, Miss Etherington rebelliously following. Already, she reflected, primitive man was

asserting himself: in a procession of two she walked in the rear.

"Presently he will expect me to fetch and carry," she said to herself. "Let him dare!"

The cave lay close to the water's edge, in a tiny cove facing south. It ran back some fifteen feet into the heart of a lofty rock, and was floored with white coral sand, warm and dry beneath the rays of the noonday sun which streamed in through the doorway.

"Somewhere to sleep, at any rate," commented Mr. Gale cheerfully. "But what chiefly concerns me at present is the discovery of something to eat. Come and find cocoa-nuts."

Once more the procession moved off, its order unaltered. A cocoa-nut palm was speedily found, and Mr. Gale embarked upon a brief acrobatic display, which presently furnished them with a supply of solid and liquid refreshment, of which both our islanders stood in considerable need.

"This landscape," said Gale, as he sat contentedly sunning himself after the fashion of man when fed, "reminds me of North Berwick Links, with a few palms dotted about and no tourists. There is Point Garry." He indicated the little promontory in which their cave was situated.

"Have you climbed to the top yet, partner?" he continued.

"No," said Miss Etherington shortly; "I have not."

"Well, you shall," said Mr. Gale kindly. "We may see things from there which have hitherto escaped our notice. No good sitting here moping!"

With great energy he led the way to Point Garry and scaled the heights, assisting his companion from time to time.

"We will now scan the horizon," he announced, when they reached the top. "I think that is what Robinson Crusoe would have done under the circum-

stances. No—nothing! Nothing to be seen but those big rocks jutting up out of the water over there. I noticed them this morning. They look like a row of teeth, don't they?" he inquired chattily.

"I fail to observe any resemblance," replied Miss Etherington.

"No? Well, I always was quick at noticing things from a child," said Mr. Gale, with unimpaired *bonhomie*. "We are not all blessed with a good imagin—. Hallo! what's that?" He seized the girl's arm in unaffected excitement, and pointed.

"You are holding my arm," said Miss Etherington coldly. "Let go, please!"

Mr. Gale had already done so, in order to make a pair of binoculars of his hands.

"Do you see something projecting up between the two middle teeth?" he asked. "I think—I *think*—yes it is—the bow of a ship! It must be the yacht. It *is* the yacht! I can see the top of her funnel. She must have grounded there. I was right. It was a cyclone. The wind has been playing a perfect game of rounders with itself."

"Do you think there is any one on board?" asked Miss Etherington, suddenly hopeful. After all, a steward or a coal-trimmer would be something with which to dilute Mr. Gale. Another woman seemed too much to expect.

"I doubt it, but I will see," said Mr. Gale.

"How?"

"I am going to swim out."

"All that way?"

"Yes; not more than half a mile, I fancy."

"Supposing there are——"

Miss Etherington paused, suddenly remembering that the man beside her was unworthy of solicitude.

"Sharks—eh? Perhaps, but I must risk it. If I meet one, I will make a noise like a company promoter, and

he won't touch me. Do you know what that old hull means to us? Blankets, tools, food! Perhaps they have left a boat on board."

"Can you swim half a mile?" inquired Miss Etherington.

"It is just about my limit," confessed Mr. Gale frankly, "but I can try."

"Would you"—Miss Etherington wavered between common humanity and a feminine desire not to offer anything which could be construed into encouragement—"care to have my cork-jacket?"

"If you are *quite* sure you won't catch a chill without it," replied Mr. Gale tenderly.

He proceeded to buckle on the jacket, apparently oblivious to a look which to a thinner-skinned man would have made drowning seem an easy death, and scrambled over the rocks to the water's edge. He poised himself upon a convenient talking-off place.

"Back to tea!" he cried, and disappeared with a splash. It is not easy to dive cleanly in a cork jacket.

Presently he reappeared, and struck out boldly in the direction of Double-Tooth Islet. Miss Etherington, seated upon the summit of Point Garry, her round chin resting on her hands, followed the course of his black head as it slowly forged its way across the limpid channel. Many thoughts passed through her mind. On the one hand, she hated Mr. Leslie Gale to the fullest extent of a nature more than usually well endowed for the purpose. On the other, she knew that there were sharks in these seas—she had seen them. Even now she could descry in the wake of Mr. Gale a tiny black dot which might or might not be the dreaded triangular fin. She closed her eyes, and kept them tightly shut for more than half an hour.

When she opened them, a figure, silhouetted against the sky-line upon the summit of Double-Tooth Islet, was tri-

umphantly semaphoring safe arrival. Miss Etherington did not reply. Instead, she rolled gently over on to her side in a dead faint.

After all, as she argued to herself when she came to, she had had a most exhausting twenty-four hours, and her sole diet had been a portion of coconut.

III.

Mr. Gale returned more expeditiously than he had set out, adequately clothed and propelling the yacht's dinghy, which was loaded to the water's edge with miscellaneous stores.

"Help me to unload these things, quickly," he called to Miss Etherington, "and carry them up to the cave. I must go out to the yacht again before she slips off."

"Will you take me with you this time?" asked Miss Etherington.

"Why?"

"I want some things out of my cabin," was the prim reply.

"I'm afraid you haven't got a cabin any more," said Gale. "The stern half of the ship is under water, and I'm saving all I can from the forward part. However, I will select a wardrobe for you from what is available. I always had great natural taste."

He paddled away so quickly that Miss Etherington had no time effectively to ignore this last pleasantry. When Mr. Gale returned an hour later he found her still sitting beside the heap of stores on the shore.

"The yacht is lifting with the swell," he announced. "She is just hanging on by her eyebrows now. Rolled over fifteen degrees a minute ago. Gave me a nasty turn, I can tell you, down in the lazarette grubbing for tinned sardines—for you. They are rather a favorite delicacy of yours, aren't they? Hallo! Why haven't you carried up some of these stores? Tired?"

Miss Etherington, who had been rehearsing her part for this scene for the last hour, replied icily—

"I am not accustomed to be ordered about."

Gale, who was lifting a heavy box out of the boat—the carpenter's tool-chest—laid down his burden and sat on it.

"Insubordination? H'm—a serious matter!" he observed. "We must hold a court-martial this evening." He rose, and continued:—"As you don't appear inclined to assist me to furnish the Home, perhaps you will kindly repair to the Home itself. I will carry this case up for you, and you shall unpack it. Then you can make the place snug with a few deft feminine touches. When I have finished my day's work I shall expect to find my slippers toasting at the fender. That is always done, I believe. Do not butter them, though, or Darby will have a few words to address to Joan. You will find me a fearful domestic tyrant."

Miss Etherington, dimly wondering whether this excursion into the realms of humor masked a threat or merely indicated mental vacuity of the hollowest type, rose from her seat and departed in the direction of the cave. But she did not halt there. Instead, she climbed to the summit of Point Garry, and there sat for a full hour surveying the sunset with an expression upon her features for which a competent under-nurse would have prescribed just one remedy.

The red-hot coppery ball of the sun dropped into the sea so suddenly that one almost expected to hear it sizzle, and the warm darkness of a tropical night rushed down from the heavens. Stars sprang out upon the velvety sky.

"Partner!" called a voice from below.

"I won't—I won't!" muttered the girl to herself between clenched teeth.

There was a pause, and then she heard the feet of Mr. Gale climbing the

rocky path which led to her eyrie. Presently his head appeared above the edge.

"Shall I bring your supper up to you, or will you come down to it?" he inquired. "I may mention that there is an extra charge for serving meals above stairs. Your food will cost you more, so to speak."

Miss Etherington was in no mood for badinage of this kind.

"I will come," she said stonily.

A bright fire was burning at the mouth of the cave, and a stew of a primitive but inviting character was bubbling in an iron pot hung over the blaze. Crates and cases had been piled into a neat rampart round their demesne. Over the cave mouth itself Mr. Gale had hung a stout curtain of sailcloth.

"Be seated, Miss Etherington," said Mr. Gale. "That is your place."

He pointed to a seat upon the sand, fashioned out of boat cushions propped against the base of the rock.

Miss Etherington obeyed.

"This is a one-course dinner," continued Mr. Gale in deprecating tones, "but I have no doubt that when you take matters in hand you will be able to turn out something more pretentious. What will you drink? I have a bottle of brandy, which had better be reserved for medicinal purposes, and a dozen stone ginger, which I have retrieved from the wreck at great personal risk, knowing it to be a weakness of yours. We must not be reckless about it. An occasional bottle on special occasions—birthdays and Christmases. I think to-night comes under the head of special occasions. Say when?"

Babbling in this light-hearted strain, Mr. Gale proceeded to do the honors of the feast, incidentally making a hearty meal himself. Miss Etherington ate nothing to speak of.

When he had finished, Leslie Gale

punctiliously asked for permission to smoke, and lit his pipe.

"I wonder how long half a pound of tobacco will last me?" he mused, puffing comfortably. "A month, perhaps, with care. How ripping the moon looks on the water!"

Miss Etherington did not reply. Her eyes were set. Gale stood up.

"Bed-time," he announced. "You are tired. Come and see your room."

He lit a candle and screwed it into the neck of a bottle. The flame hardly flickered in the soft air.

"Please walk in," he said, holding back the sail-cloth flap.

Miss Etherington obeyed mechanically.

In one corner of the cave Gale had constructed a sleeping-place of blankets and boat-cushions. On a convenient ledge lay a tin basin; beside it stood a bucket of fair water. Even soap was there. A deal chest served for chair and wardrobe.

Leslie Gale held the candle aloft.

"What do you think of me as an upholsterer?" he asked with pride. "I will see about electric bells and a hot-water tap in the morning."

Miss Etherington made no reply.

Gale set down the candle on the ledge.

"Is there anything else I can do for you in here?" he asked.

"No, thank you."

"Quite sure? It is the last time of asking."

Struck by a curious note in his voice, the girl looked up suddenly.

"Why?" she said.

Their eyes met. Mr. Gale's, which were usually remarkable only for a self-satisfied twinkle, were gray and steely.

"Because," he said slowly, "I do not intend to invade your privacy again. Hereafter this cave is *yours*—utterly and absolutely—to withdraw to whenever again you feel inclined, as you

did to-day, to doubt my ability to behave like a gentleman. Good night!"

He turned towards the curtained doorway.

"Where—where are you going to shelter?" inquired a low voice behind him.

"On the beach—in an empty sar-
Blackwood's Magazine.

dine tin," he replied. Good-night!"

A childish and flippant rejoinder, the reader will admit, utterly spoiling what might have been a dignified—nay, heroic—exit from the cave. But Leslie Gale was never one to let the sun go down upon his wrath, or at any rate to let the moon rise upon it.

Ian Hay.

(To be concluded.)

A LONG-DRAWN BATTLE.

Man in an evil day first tasted the giddy pleasures of Bacchus and organized society found profit in doling out liquor to its own people. No incident in the annals of human history is fraught with more tragic consequences. The gospel of temperance has ever been the threadbare topic of the western clergy. Our scriptural mandates lay not a little emphasis on absolute teetotalism. All religions are distinctly against drink and science sincerely recommends the scouring out of the word, "intemperance." Soul raises the war-cry impelled by an instinct and reason supplements the martial chorus in no halting tone. After two thousand years of such sound advice and civilization, we may be pardoned for a one-sentence review of our present position. The verdict of the most optimistic calculations is that we are in no way nearer the goal in respect to this matter.

The question is still perplexing the astute intellect of the ablest statesman and the inspiration which lends polish to the passionate periods of the brilliant teetotaler has yet given birth only to meretricious eloquence or verbal display. Conflicting interests, vulgar tastes, want of knowledge and education, mania for excitement, climatic conditions, tyranny of habit, constitutional inheritance, mistaken sense of

fashion, and above all the enslaving quality of the drink itself are a few of the very many causes that have contributed to the deplorable increase in the consumption of alcohol. But it is encouraging to note that some hopeful signs are already visible. To-day human intellect has nerved itself to a certain tenacity of purpose and dogged perseverance and is resolved to present a bold front to this insidious foe with wily charms. The social reformer and the chancellor of the exchequer have leagued their energies together. This coalition marks an epoch in the stage of evolution of the drink problem. For, the huge machinery of organized government alone backed up by intelligent public opinion is equal to the task and the full resources of a polity are needed to suffuse the little temperance societies with the sufficient amount of working energy.

It is perhaps a task of supererogation for us to go into details to prove that this problem vitally concerns the welfare of our country. The vice of drink is unquestionably on the increase in India, and we are indebted to that high-minded writer of Delhi, Rev. C. F. Andrews, for the scholarly and thorough treatment of this subject and his sane conclusions and also to that redoubted Parsi economist, Mr. Dinshaw Edulji Wacha, for his lucid ex-

posure of the sham excise policy of the Government. Redberries charm the birds and really an amazing proportion have fallen victims to this, in a large measure, exotic habit. It behoves us to nip the mischief in the bud. So, it is interesting to study the contributions both of the government and the people towards the solution of this vexed question.

The Abkari administration of our country has been subjected during recent years to unsparing criticism. But these excise gods—the mundane missionaries of Bacchus—seem to be furnished with an armor that is proof at least to logic and facts. In the cabined area of red tape and revenue the higher and more pressing interests of humanity appear to be ignored. The fundamental principles that alone justify the existence of this department are given the go-by and in searching after immediate gain “a grave national danger” is precipitated. There prevails, at least for all practical purposes, a deplorable critical daltonism about the main purpose of the department. Its *raison de tore* is not the joyous presence of a good spring that can perennially supply the tap of revenue but supreme considerations of moral sanitation. It is the most unfortunate, we hope not wanton error of memory, to fail to recollect that revenue is only an accident, an inevitable accident. An administration that manages to forget this cardinal point is guilty of a grave dereliction of duty.

It is obvious to the student of current politics that our government has neither forgotten nor deliberately twisted the high principle. We find it avowed in the legislative councils. The martial eloquence of officers at the helm of affairs has invested the basic idea with double sanctity. So far we are satisfied that the function of the department as in some measure the custodian of the sobriety of the people is

at least recognized. But it is a lamentable turn from theory to practice.

Even for a small measure of success, the theories need to be worked out in practice to the lowest detail. But as ill-luck would have it, in the process of transmission from theory to practice, there is a clash of interest. The ringing coin, sinews of peace as well as war, perturbs the solemn promise from the sacred council chamber. The Budget should not be an adverse one. This is the inherent obstacle in the way. So open profession and secret connivance become a pressing necessity and the exigencies of administrative diplomacy require them. This is the case with almost all countries.

Here, the high principle is calmly set aside by the inferior officers. In the lower reaches of the department, the main purpose is miscarried. Revenue becomes the pervading factor and the efficiency of the servants is in direct ratio to their contribution to the state coffers. “The largest revenue with the least consumption” is a paradoxical quibble to mislead people and a fit means of official sophistry. One has only to go through the records to conclude that decrease in consumption is not a matter hailed with joy in official circles. Our government never believes in the redeeming qualities of human nature but persists in the statement that a drunkard is inexorably subject to an annual increment in his doses. On this wholesome and profoundly psychological hypothesis it directs its legal tools to harass the shop renter into less miserliness in respect to the State treasury.

The subject is one full of ambiguities about the methods to be adopted. We don't propose, even if we can, to chalk out a full fledged scheme of reform. Every reason for a change may be rebutted by an apparently valid or sound plea. The exposure of the fallacy is likely to be a complicated task.

The government with a staff of able sophists, can defend its position for any length of time. For instance, if the social reformer cries for a reduction in the number of shops the officials with the usual misanthropy hold up their eyes in horror and protest in a manner eloquent of unappreciated wisdom that the proposal is suicidal. They argue thus with much of plausible sagacity. The drunkard missing the "sircar" liquor which he can obtain at least for money would take to illicit distillation and he who was till then a sober Bacchanal by virtue of necessity, would drink to hopeless excess his cheap, illicit manufacture. This is skilful parry indeed and deserves praise if only the ingenuity were spent better. But we may ask where have gone the countless police and Abkari legions all the while this criminal is illicitly distilling liquor. Surely, to improve the morals of the robber, you can't be supplying every possible thief with a decent portion of his probable plunder.

Again, if an honorable member moves a resolution on the excise policy of the government, the official opposition is a torrent of "cogent logic." So, our rulers backed up by specious pleas may administer consolations even from the most palpable signs of increasing drunkenness. But such a prodigal literary warfare and dialectic ability argues more the possession of a resourceful intellect than humanity.

Though it is a novel idea, we believe that the very efficiency and the organization of the department have given it a sort of effective advertisement. Unless we are much mistaken, before the special formation of this administrative branch there was no systematic or extensive supply of drink to the artisan from his day's work, to the laborer from his fields. Nor was there any private enterprise to create and provide this want. People had noth-

ing to depend upon like a stationary Abkari shop within a minute's walk to cultivate and sustain the drinking habits. This is one of the reasons, we suppose, for the comparative freedom of Indians from this degrading vice in bygone days. We hope we are not ungenerous in attributing the passive conversion to drink of so many people, to the effective advertisement the very organization of the department has given. We don't mean to suggest that our rulers should disband the legions to obtain reform and tread back to the old plan. It is both absurd and impossible. On the other hand, its very efficiency and power may be made to contribute to the untold happiness of the masses if some of its distempers should be cured and the preventive work intensified and supplemented by educational duties. The intellect of the department should be raised and the ardent social reformers may be pressed into its service if they are found willing to forsake their noisy patriotism for the humbler spheres of silent, practical work. All these changes require a radical reform in spirit and much loss of revenue. But the government should realize its sacred duty to the masses and arrive at a reasonable compromise between money and moral sanitation. Now it is encouraging to note that our rulers are inclined to bestow more conscientious attention on this subject.

The responsibility of the people is no less in the matter; mere whining on their part can never accomplish the up-hill work. Educational duties lie with them. Legislations can never transform the moral nature of men. It is the people's duty to burn the briars, till the soil, apply the manure and prepare the ground, for the germination of healthy ideas. They should put forth in convincing manner the evils of drink; and hopes of success rest only on an appeal to the drunk-

ard's better nature. A Bill can restrain but never rescue an intemperate or tipsy nation. Sobriety is not a fluid to be injected by the lancet of a statutory law. Character reform is always by evolution and never by revolution. You can never *whip* a sinner into a saint. But gentle and discreet doses of moral instruction may achieve what the last evidently fails to perform. Sober and thoughtful men inspired by love are the best doctors, and this way the popular yet not popular task lies.

To India such services, we once more repeat in conclusion, are in no way superfluous. A century ago it might have been so. Colder countries are now facing this question with a dexterous courage that strikes us with dumb admiration. We hope that enlightened Indians will put their willing hands on the wheel when the drink problem is yet in its infancy. We ap-

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(Allahabad)

peal to our rulers to help us in averting the approach of a national disaster with which their destiny is so much entwined. We plead it is not the shriek of a sensation monger when we say that India is now running her race on the brink of a precipice. Lord Morley, with his usual far-sighted statesmanship, has truly said that in the drink problem India is "face to face with a new dire, additional plague."

No race can ever afford to lose the virtue of sobriety—one of the most beautiful qualities in human nature—. Much less can we, the descendants of illustrious arch-apostles of absolute teetotalism—afford to lose that noble ornament of man. Let us remember that if the sobriety of a nation is imperilled, then that nation is incapacitated for the meanest tasks of civic responsibility, not to speak of other functions.

K. S. Venkataramani.

THE HILL.

The bombardment is at its height, and the summit of the hill resembles the crater of an active volcano. The acrid smoke of the exploding Japanese shells, bursting as they crash through the Russian bombproofs, stains the clear blue of the winter sky with a pall of yellow vapor through which fragments of rock and other *débris* are flung skywards by the force of the powerful detonations. The long-drawn-out whistle of the heavy eleven-inch howitzer projectiles as they sail over the valley below, and the pulverizing crash at the end of their flight, spell doom to the gallant defenders, for the guns have found the range, and the falling masses of hollow metal, bursting on impact into thousands of knife-edged fragments, spread death and disaster everywhere. The once grass-

grown slope of the north-western face of the hill has been converted into a disintegrated mass of riven boulders and rocks, while the shell falling short have gouged up the soil as if a gigantic plough had been at work. The whole picture is a study in yellows, for the color of the shell explosions harmonizes gently with that of the soil, which is stained here and there to a jaundiced tint by the action of the all-powerful Shimoseite. The color-scheme is carried still further in the khaki uniforms of the men lining the trench, some half-way down the hill; and their yellow cap-bands, proclaiming them to be Japanese infantry of the line, still further accentuate the prevailing *motif* of the whole spectacle.

The trench they are manning runs some 300 yards across the face of the

hill; and while it is some four feet deep in places, in others, where the shale and boulders have defied the action of the picks, it shallows to eighteen inches. The soil and stones removed have been placed in front to form a breastwork, while here and there rice-bags and provision-tins, filled with earth and rubble, have been used for the same purpose. At the rear of the trench itself, and running in zigzag lines down the hill, are the saps connecting the firing-line to another shelter trench some 150 feet below, which is, in its turn, joined in the same manner to another at the very foot of the hill. These zigzags, their course being clearly defined by the newly turned earth at their edges showing yellow in the strong sunlight, are some six to eight feet deep, and every inch of them has been literally carved out by hand, for the hard soil, composed largely of shale and rock, has in some cases compelled the use of chisels; they have been designed with their peculiar shape so that the reinforcements coming up to relieve those in the firing-line shall be as immune as possible from the fire of the enemy in the trenches above. Their construction, however, has not been effected without severe loss, for the laboring soldiers, working in the dead of night, have sometimes been surprised by a party of Russians creeping down from their defences above. A hand-grenade dropped on to the heads of the workers, a sharp explosion, and three or four more men have been blown to fragments, their poor mangled remains being so shockingly mutilated that their comrades have had to shovel them into rice-bags for cremation.

Week after week, however, the work has gone on, and the zigzags, creeping up the hillside like the wriggling progress of a series of huge snakes, and joined every 150 feet or so by a shelter trench

running at right-angles to their course, have slowly but surely pursued their way up and up, forward and forward, until at last a stage has been reached when nothing further can be done. The capture of the position now depends upon the final assaults of the infantry, for the sappers have fulfilled their task.

The line of khaki-clad Japanese soldiers in their shallow trench crouch to gain as much cover as possible from the friendly earth. The humming of the enemy's bullets coming down the hill ends with a series of vicious "zips" as they knock away flakes of stone or imbed themselves in the earth, while the reports of the rifles themselves are barely audible in the volume of sound caused by the dull crashes of the shell explosions. Some of the men, lying close to the earth with the muzzles of their rifles poked out between the stones, are firing independently at the Russian defences above them; they can see little except the occasional flat top of a cap, but, keeping their rifle-sights fixed on a loophole through which they can see daylight, they fire the moment it becomes darkened, for they know full well that an enemy obscures it. Those men not actually firing are sitting in the bottom of the trench; some are half-asleep, for they have been up here since the early morning, while others are unconcernedly smoking cigarettes or eating from their haversacks. They are making the best of their short spell of rest in the nonchalant manner which is typical of the Japanese soldier.

About half-way along the trench there is a cavity in its front wall, and in this is a field telephone, before which squats a young subaltern. The transmitter of the instrument is directly in front of his mouth, while the receivers are strapped across his head and over his ears. He is constantly speaking into the instrument, and it

is he who is directing the fire from the guns concealed in a hollow a mile and a-half to the rear. He alone is responsible for the accuracy of their fire; and every rumbling earthquake on the summit above fills him with delight, for he knows that the projectiles from his beloved weapons are going home—home to where their sharp-edged fragments will cut and mutilate the human beings like himself on the devastated hill-top above.

A little farther along the trench two men are busily employed with a strange weapon, which looks more appropriate to the battlefield of Crecy than to that of a modern campaign. It consists of a short wooden cannon, its barrel bound tightly round with strips of flexible bamboo, and mounted on a wooden stand. They unconcernedly load it with cylindrical projectiles containing a powerful explosive, and adjusting the sights by means of a wedge, for the little weapon tumbles backwards after each discharge, fire it in the direction of the enemy's works. They watch the missile as it soars through the air—for the propellant is only sufficient to throw it some three or four hundred yards—and chuckle with fiendish joy when it falls and bursts in a sheet of flame and yellow smoke.

Other men also are busily employed throwing small bombs or hand-grenades, and these, filled with the powerful pyroxylin and fitted with a fuse, are also spreading havoc among the Russians. The latter, however, retaliate in kind, for every now and then a similar missile will explode in the attackers' trench, and the soldiers in the vicinity of the detonation will be converted into palpitating, quivering heaps of mangled flesh. The hostile bullets are also claiming their share, and many men have been hit in the head and have been left to die in the narrow space at the bottom of the

trench. There they will remain until darkness enables the ambulance corps to do their work. The wounded, some of them exhibiting the most ghastly lacerations from the hand-grenades or occasional Russian shells, have been roughly bandaged by their comrades and lie writhing in the trench, hoping for the only everlasting peace which can alleviate their suffering. These poor, mutilated dying, condemned to death for the glory of their country and Emperor, breathe the foetid air in sobbing gasps through their throats choked with their own life-blood; but this hideous but pathetic spectacle does not tell on the nerves of their compatriots. They realize that it is all the fortune of war, and, in spite of the awful uncertainty as to whether they themselves may ever see a sun rise again, they carry out their duty without heeding the awful horror of the scene. They know, as every other Japanese officer and man knows, that the hill they are striving to gain is the key to the position; the one and only key which will enable them to direct their gunfire on the Russian fleet in the harbor. Realizing this, and that the course of the siege depends upon them, they are ready at all times to offer themselves in human sacrifice without flinching.

Above the trench, and scattered about in the attitudes in which they have fallen, lie the remains of their countrymen who have fallen in one or other of the desperate assaults. The rifles are still clutched in the nerveless fingers which will never press another trigger, and the bare face of the terrible slope is here and there carpeted with the awful objects, their glazed, wide-open eyes staring up into the pitiless heavens, and a look of dreadful horror on every dead face. In spite of the bitter cold of the nights, the sun in the daytime has done its work, and a horrible foetid ooze has percolated through the soil until its overpowering

odor has necessitated the use of rags soaked in strong ammonia or vinegar by those in the firing-line.

The subaltern is still crouching over his telephone, when suddenly he listens intently and beckons to an officer behind him. The latter receives a message, and, nodding his head in reply, squirms his way along the trench to where he finds the officer in command. The latter, a Major, is kneeling down, gazing out through a loophole, when his subordinate touches him on the shoulder and whispers in his ear. A short conversation ensues, and the senior, taking the whistle suspended round his neck by a cord, blows three short blasts. The signal is repeated by the company officers throughout the line, and its purpose can easily be guessed, for all the soldiers are seen to be fixing their bayonets. They all know what it means; for they have done it many times before. Within five minutes another message will come through that ordinary-looking telephone, and they will be launched forward to the attack, while the terrific shell-fire will cease for fear of injuring friend as well as foe. These squat, sturdy infantrymen, their bayonets going home on the muzzles of their rifles, look the very essence of manhood and bravery; their stern faces, grimed with dirt and streaked with powder-smoke, are set in a fierce determination, while their officers, some of whom are fresh from the military colleges, but now, nevertheless, battle-tried veterans, draw their swords and wait for the signal.

Another whisper through the telephone, a nod to the Major, who sounds his whistle and leaps forward over the breastwork before him and leads his men up the steep slope. There is none of the beauty of a cavalry charge about this—no waving pennons, no trampling of hoofs—nothing but the seething mass of drab-coated men scrambling

up the broken surface. The Japanese rifle-fire has ceased, as with "Banzai!" "Banzai!" they rush in a mass for the enemy's trench-line. The hoarse-throated yell, from men mad in the exultation of battle and gorged with the idea of getting at their enemy with the bayonet, tells the Russians that the expected assault has come, and they stand up and fire volley after volley into the struggling human *maelstrom* below. The bullets cleave their way through the densely packed crowd, but, in spite of the number of killed and wounded coughing their lives out on the riven rocks, they continue to advance. The Major, still unscathed, and with a revolver in his left hand and a sword in his right, leads the gallant remnant, until eventually, after what has seemed an eternity, they have reached the Russian trench. The rifle-fire now ceases, and the fight has resolved itself into a series of individual encounters along the crest of the hill. Lunging with their bayonets, the antagonists circle round each other, while those on the outskirts of the *mêlée*, throwing their hand-grenades into the crowded masses of the Russians, convert the scene into a veritable inferno. To a watcher the scene looks like hell itself; for the dark figures, sharply outlined against the puffs of yellow smoke from the grenades, look like demons on the brink of the pit as they thrust at their enemy below.

Both sides are losing heavily, but, in spite of the ferocity of the Japanese attack, they have nowhere effected a lodgment in the enemy's defences. Eventually a Russian reinforcement comes up at the double, and the attackers, in spite of their most desperate and heroic endeavors, are driven slowly backwards until they are forced to realize that the assault is a failure. What remain of the number who went up tumble down the hill to their own de-

fences, while the ever-watchful officer at the telephone, noting the repulse, informs the guns, which once more commence their devastating uproar. The Major is left behind, killed on the hillside, and the command devolves upon the last surviving officer, a young Second Lieutenant, who a year ago was still studying at the Military College at Hiroshima.

The corpses of those who have perished in former assaults have been largely augmented by the fresh casualties, until the barren bleak soil is carpeted with the prone khaki figures. Some of the wounded, dragging their paralyzed limbs painfully behind them, are crawling down the slope to the cover below, but many of them are killed by the crashing volleys from above, for the Russian fire has redeveloped its former fury. Japanese reserves come rushing up the saps and into the trench; but their arrival is too late, for the assault has failed, and all they can now do is to reinforce the sadly depleted troops in the firing-line. Nothing has been gained, and many more Japanese soldiers have gone to their eternal rest, their blood spilt on a foreign hillside in their efforts to uphold the glory of their country and flag. The gray-faced survivors regard the capture of the hill as hopeless, for this has not been the first, nor yet the twentieth, assault that has terminated in failure. It has been an event in their lives which has taken place with appalling regularity, and every man knew when he went into the trench that of the members of his regiment barely half would live to see the next day.

As they lie in their shallow protection, the tenacity of the enemy seems marvellous, and they cannot help feeling an admiration for them, in spite of the awful loss for which they have been responsible. Disheartened and depressed they certainly are, but not

afraid—for what Japanese soldier in the heat of the conflict suffers the pangs of fear? They have all been taught that it is an everlasting honor to die for their Emperor; and this they fully believe, for have they not shaved off their eyebrows and moustaches, so that their wives and sweethearts in Japan may have some personal memento in case they should fall in the service of their country? The fight meanwhile continues, and word is passed round the reinforced trenches that another assault will take place in half an hour's time. It is hoped that the Russians will be unprepared for another attack at so short an interval from the first, and the silent men prepare themselves for the fresh effort.

The Second Lieutenant meanwhile is doing a most peculiar thing, for, calling to one of his men, he tells him to bring eight or nine hand-grenades. The soldier obeys, and the officer, divesting himself of his sword and other accoutrements, fastens them at equal intervals round his body with a length of cord, taking care to bring the ends of the long flexible fuses to the front. He then joins these together so that they may all be ignited at once, and, beckoning to the soldier, gives him some instruction in a low voice. The private looks surprised, but says nothing, for he must not question the doings of his officer, and, saluting, he remains by the side of his superior. The half-hour soon elapses, and once more the whistles sound and the bayonets are fixed. With the second signal the men are up and scrambling over the low breastwork before them, and an instant later they rush up the steep hillside; their "Banzais" telling the enemy that another attack has commenced.

Again the crashing volleys ring out, and again the casualties occur as before, but the Second Lieutenant and his attendant soldier—the former puffing at a cigarette—are not touched, and

reach the Russian trench-line together. The officer gives one last cheer to urge on his men, and then presses the lighted end of the cigarette well into the priming of the fuses at his waist. Satisfying himself that they are well alight, he takes a flying leap on to the bristling bayonets below, impaling himself, as he does so, upon as many of their points as he can gather into his body. In another instant, and before the surprised Russians can withdraw their weapons, there is a thundering report, and bits of flesh from dismembered human bodies are flung upwards by the force of the explosion, while a rain of blood and particles of flesh bespatters all those in the vicinity. Of the heroic Japanese officer there is no trace; but by converting his body into a living grenade he has killed a dozen of the enemy, and into the gap thus formed his men tumble pell-mell.

For the first time they have effected a lodgment in the Russian defences, and slowly, but surely, every step fiercely contested, they force their way forward until they have either killed or routed the remnant of the defending garrison. The foothold once gained, the capture of the remaining works is but a matter of time and further sacrifice of human life; and within twenty-four hours the hill for which they have been fighting, the key to the position, is in the hands of the Japanese. The Rising Sun banner has once more been triumphant.

Away in far-off Japan, on the outskirts of Tokyo, there lives an old widowed lady. Her husband was killed fighting for his country in the Chino-

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Japanese war, and her only son met his death on a battlefield at Port Arthur ten years later. She sometimes gazes at the faded photograph of a youth in the uniform of a military cadet, and in these smiling features we can recognize the hero of the episode on The Hill. The little woman, although she feels a terrible sadness, cannot help realizing a supreme satisfaction, for she has given all she held dear—first her husband and then her only child—to the service of her Emperor. Below the portrait, and mounted in a little lacquered frame, are three medals; the first, hanging by its green and white ribbon, is the Order of the Golden Kite—corresponding to our Victoria Cross; the next is the Order of the Rising Sun; and the third, with its green, white, and blue ribbon, is the Russo-Japanese war medal. She feels a fulness of the heart as she looks at these tokens of her son's heroism; and were they not presented to her by her Empress, thus giving them a far greater value in her eyes?

Far away, in the Liao Tung Peninsula, the gaunt hill rears its rugged head skywards as an everlasting monument to the thousands of souls who have gone to their eternal rest whilst struggling for its possession. Its riven and furrowed slopes, battered out of all recognition by the awful artillery-fire, are surely a fitting tribute to the heroic spirits of those killed in that fearful conflict, but in particular to the unparalleled heroism of the young Second Lieutenant, the widow's only child.

Taprell Dorling.

PACIFIC FASHIONS.

[There is a tremendous amount of excitement just now in fashionable Fijian circles. Their fashion-determinator is expected to return from London with the very newest modes designed to meet local requirements.]

Though the sun is gaily glancing
On a sea of bluest blue,
Though the little waves are dancing
As they almost always do,
For the nonce we find the weather
Unimportant altogether.

We have other things to think of—
Things that call for all our care—
Are we not upon the brink of
Hearing what we ought to wear?
Yes, awaiting the momentous
News that London town has sent us?

For the ship at any minute
May be steaming up the roads,
Bearing (precious freight) within it
All the very latest modes;

Modes that our determinator
Has designed with their creator.

Ye, by whom our fates are moulded,

We are all agog to see
If our loin-cloths should be folded

Into two or into three;
'Tis a question that perplexes
All the smart of both the sexes.

Are we wearing vine- or fig-leaves
When we make our bows at court?
Is it small or is it big leaves?

Are our girdles long or short?
Is it pinnies for the body?
Or are pinnies quite *démodés*?

What of ornaments and so forth?

Shall the gayest of our sparks
Deck their noses when they go forth

With the teeth of pigs or sharks?
Have the bones of soles and flounders
Now become the wear of bounders?

Waft, ye winds, oh, waft your hardest!

Speed upon thy fateful cruise
Like a bird, O ship that guardest

In thy hull the latest news!
Slumber there can be no more for us
Till we know what lies in store for us.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF PARTISANSHIP.

The Government's so-called Reform Bill is the most shameless piece of political partisanship that has ever been introduced into the House of Commons. These are strong words, but they can be proved up to the hilt.

Our electoral system is far from fair or reasonable. It is full of glaring anomalies and injustices. At present, however, the anomalies and injustices are scattered so blindly that they produce a kind of wild equity. One party in the State is injured and placed at a disadvantage by one set of anomalies and the other party by another set of anomalies. That being the case, what do the Liberal Government propose to do? They propose to select those anomalies which are injurious to their party and to reform them in a way which they believe will very largely increase the number of votes available for Liberals. Those electoral anomalies which tell against the Unionist Party, and so in favor of the Liberals, though they are undoubtedly the most glaring and, from the public point of view, the most injurious, they propose to leave entirely untouched and unremedied. That is, they propose to commit what is in spirit the most flagrant piece of gerrymandering that any body of politicians has ever dared to contemplate. The most unscrupulous of American "bosses," framing an electoral system in a raw Western State, might indeed look with envy at their cold-blooded effrontery.

What is the Government's excuse for proposals so monstrous? They tell us that they quite admit that it is very unfair that the principle of one vote one value is so little recognized that constituencies like Pontefract with 24,000 inhabitants, Rochester with 31,000—both seats, by the way, return Liberals—or Radnorshire with not many over

22,000 should have the same voting power as the Romford Division of Essex with close upon 313,000 inhabitants, Walthamstow with nearly 247,000, or Wandsworth with 253,000. We have taken English comparisons, but if we compare with Ireland we find that not only has Ireland as a whole over thirty members more than she is entitled to, but that Newry with under 13,000 inhabitants, Kilkenny with under 13,000, and Galway with under 16,000 have each as much electoral power as the three Essex and London constituencies we have named. These are the kind of anomalies which the Liberal Government are in effect proposing to leave unremedied while they are compassing heaven and earth to get rid of the far smaller scandal of plural voting. It is idle for Liberals to tell us that they are not at any rate leaving the Irish over-representation alone because their Home Rule Bill will set it right. In reality it will do nothing of the kind, or, rather, it will only remove the anomaly by setting up one which is even worse. Newry has now about twenty times the voting power that Romford has; but, if Home Rule passes, the people of Newry, and indeed of every Irish constituency, will not only have voting power over all their domestic concerns, but will have in addition a voting power over the domestic concerns of England quite as great as that possessed by the largest and most important constituencies of England. Ireland with a population of 4,381,000 will send forty-two members to the House of Commons, or, roughly, one member for every 100,000 of her inhabitants, whereas a group of English constituencies can be named with a population as great as that of Ireland which return not forty-two but only thirty members of Parliament.

We need not, however, deal very se-

riously with this apology, for we know that Liberals are somewhat chary of using it. Their official excuse for insisting on the principle of one man one vote while they do nothing to carry out the complementary and equally democratic principle of one vote one value is that they intend on some future occasion to deal with Redistribution. A year ago it might have been possible to be taken in by such a promise of future reform. We wonder now that even a Radical Government has the audacity to speak of it. That is a form of Parliamentary humbug which can only be used once to befool the country. The nation has not forgotten, though apparently the Cabinet have, that when the Veto Bill was passed last year the Government, by means of the Preamble, solemnly pledged themselves to reform the House of Lords. But that pledge has not only not been kept: it is obvious that there is no real intention of carrying it out. The Preamble has proved waste paper. Yet there is time apparently to introduce every other sort of measure except this one. The Preamble served its purpose in inducing a good many moderate Liberals and non-partisan electors to acquiesce in the Veto Bill, and having served its purpose it is now cynically shelved to the Greek Kalends. After such a record as that who is going to trust a Government which says that it will some day or other introduce a Redistribution Bill? It is all very well for the *Westminster Gazette* to assure Mr. F. E. Smith that "we are as anxious as he can be that Redistribution shall be accomplished before Parliament is dissolved." But no sane politician believes for a moment that Redistribution will take place before the next General Election.

The proof of what we are saying is easy. If the Government had really meant business in this matter nothing would have been easier for them than

to have accompanied their electoral Reform Bill with a Redistribution Bill. Had they done so, as they know quite well, the Unionist Party would have been obliged, nay, would have been quite willing, to meet them as they met the extension of the Franchise Bill in 1884 as soon as it was accompanied by a Redistribution Bill. One man one vote accompanied by a complementary measure giving one vote one value could have been passed by consent—the only proper and reasonable way under our party system for dealing with electoral reform. But the Government have been careful to make no such proposal for an equitable compromise. They have not even proposed to pledge themselves by putting Redistribution into a preamble. Possibly they were right here, for preamble is not a word which Liberals are now very fond of:

Oh no, we never mention it,
Its name is never heard;
Our lips are now forbid to frame
The once familiar word.

In spite of this, however, we expect many a moderate Liberal is to be found to whom the words of the famous ditty we have quoted come home with no small poignancy. Sir Edward Grey certainly must feel the force of the refrain:

From Bill to Bill they hurry me
To banish my regret,
And when they win a vote from me
They think that I forget.

The last refuge of the Liberal who is perplexed and perturbed by the cynicism of his party leaders is to say that, even if all we have said is true, the Unionists, if they were in earnest, ought not to refuse half the loaf of electoral justice because they cannot at the same time get the whole. "Why," he says, "should not the Unionists at any rate combine in putting an end to the scandals of our registration system and when they come into office at some

later period deal on their own lines with Redistribution?" In other words, let each party carry out the reform to which it is specially pledged. The answer, of course, is that if the Government scheme of gerrymandering is carried out, it is quite conceivable that the Unionists might never again be able to come into power, or not, at any rate, for a great many years; and in this way a vast number of measures would be carried contrary to the will of the people and solely owing to the violation of the principle of one vote one value. The Unionists, then, are quite right, not merely from the point of view of party tactics, but on much higher grounds, to refuse to allow a partial treatment of the question, and to insist on its being treated as a whole. In truth the only instrument that they possess for obtaining a recognition of the democratic principle of one vote one value is the existence of the other anomalies. If those anomalies are got rid of without the recognition of the principle of one vote one value, the Liberals will be entrenched behind a system of unjust privilege from which it may be impossible to dislodge them. The Unionists would be absolutely unworthy of their trust if they were to assent to this monstrous proposal, which is in fact the Parliamentary version of the confidence trick. If they show their confidence in the fair dealing of the Liberals by agreeing to the abolition of plural voting they may feel perfectly certain that they will never get "one vote one value," but that the over-representation of Ireland and the under-representation of England will be used to defeat the real will of the people.

In our opinion, then, the Unionist leaders, while expressing their complete willingness to carry out a general scheme of electoral reform which shall recognize both the principle of one man one vote and one vote one

value, should declare that without this act of justice they will have nothing whatever to do with the Government's proposals. By doing this they will not in any way forfeit the good opinion of moderate non-party people in the country, but on the contrary will give an assurance, which is needed, that the prime duty of a Unionist Government when it is returned to power will be to deal with the whole question of electoral reform on a sound and equitable basis. At present and owing to a variety of circumstances there are a great many people who do not realize that the Unionists are determined, whether it helps them from a purely party point of view or not, to get rid of the scandals which we have dealt with at the beginning of this article. And here we may note that the proof of the unwillingness of the Liberals to adopt the principle of one vote one value is to be found in the scheme advocated by the *Spectator* of endowing the whole of the electorate through the instrument of a Poll of the People with a veto over the log-rolling tactics of our legislators. Under a Referendum, as Lord Lansdowne has pointed out, there is no question of electoral anomalies. Every voter has exactly the same power in vetoing or assenting to legislation. The vote of the man at Newry has the same value as the vote of the man at Romford, and not as in a Parliamentary election twenty-six times more value.

Before we leave the subject with which we are dealing we should like to put in a plea in regard to two points. We are quite prepared to accept manhood suffrage, and indeed should welcome the change, for in our opinion every adult male should have his full and fair share in the government of the country. We think, however, that there is a great deal to be said in favor of making twenty-five rather than twenty-one the age at

which a man may attain a vote. That is about the age when a man settles down and becomes a householder. Next we desire very strongly that no electoral reform should be passed which does not include provision for the holding of all elections on one day. There is a very great danger, in our opinion, both internal and external, in allowing the kind of interregnum which takes place during the three weeks now spent in an election. Imagine a great foreign crisis or a great strike complicated by a prolonged election. In old days when the King died the King's

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peace died with him, and until his successor was crowned there was an interregnum of several weeks, during which there was no law in the land. The position was, of course, intolerable, and the very proper legal fiction was invented that the King never died, but that his successor at once filled his place. We would have the Parliamentary interregnum reduced to one day. The new Parliament should at once succeed the old by the reasonable and convenient plan adopted throughout the rest of the civilized world of holding elections on one and the same day.

THE FLOOD OF BOOKS.

Who is to blame for this terrible and growing superfluity of books—author, publisher, or public? Or are all alike helpless in the clutches of a business system speeding up by some dire law of evolution towards an ever-increasing over-production? The present pace is killing. In 1901 the output of new books was five thousand, enough, one might suppose, to satisfy the legitimate needs of our not wholly intellectual nation. Ten years later, however, the number had swollen to eight thousand five hundred, an increase of 70 per cent. Nor does this percentage measure the full dimensions of the enhanced supply of books. For it has been coincident with a prodigious output of cheap reprints, and a general cheapening of large quantities of the new fiction and educational books. It would be safe to say that the number of printed books put out last year was more than double that of 1901. Nor can the increase be put down merely or mainly to a morbid craving for novel-reading. For though we still continue to produce new novels at the rate of six or seven per working day, the last year or two has shown a decided slack-

ening in this line of production. Biography, travel, belles-lettres, and science are advancing far more rapidly. To some this may appear a satisfactory testimony to the genuine spread of culture. Nor can it be denied that the large sale of cheap editions of great masterpieces of literature and science evinces an opening of the popular mind to ideas, which in itself is most commendable.

But it is precisely because of these wider signs of a desire for culture that we regret so deeply this flooding of the book market. For culture is a matter of discrimination and of quality, and this flood imposes quantity and inhibits discrimination. To catch the public eye, to tickle the superficial curiosity, to tempt the buyer, not to satisfy, improve, or stimulate the mind, is the avowed object of those responsible for the supply of books. In no branch of consumption is the buyer so much at the mercy of the seller. In other branches he has valid personal experience to help him. He has bought the same article many times before, or something very like it. With a book it is different. He only buys it

because he has never bought it before, and he cannot tell what it is worth to him till after he has paid for it. Nor is there anyone to tell him. A man of trained intelligence and reading, no doubt, is able, within limits, to discriminate, appraise, and prophesy; he is not the dupe of a specious title or a faked reputation. But the great mass of our expanding reading public have no defence against the artful pressure of the trader interested to induce them to buy the largest quantity of books, irrespective of all considerations of inherent worth. Popular education is not real enough to furnish any adequate safeguards; it has lifted the minds of great numbers of people to a level which leaves them a helpless prey to vapid sentimentalism in literature, art, and politics, and to charlatanism in science. So the book-trade sinks to the condition of the drug-trade, mainly engaged in palming-off large quantities of well-labelled goods upon a credulous sheep-public by specious advertisement. This could not well be done when reading and the intellectual life were for the wealthy few. A publisher then regarded it as his mission to search out writers of merit whose books he felt himself entitled to recommend personally to his educated patrons, who would detect and curse him if he deceived them into paying a guinea for a bad book. A very few such publishers still remain, enjoying in some qualified way this distinctively professional character of literary guarantor. But the general tendency has been to convert the publisher into a tradesman, whose business is to sell the largest quantity of books he can induce the public to think they want to buy. Thus larger and larger numbers of books pour from the press, with less and less effective checks upon their quality, while the life even of a fairly good book grows shorter and shorter.

Nor is the guidance which the pub-

lisher has dropped taken up by the bookseller. On the contrary, the bookseller has become more and more a merely automatic channel for the retail marketing of inferior books. The history of the retail trade is one of prolonged degradation. There is a striking passage in the "Life of Alexander Macmillan," showing how far that process had gone nearly half a century ago. In a letter written to Mr. Gladstone, in 1868, he says, "Whereas in former years there used to be many booksellers who kept good stocks of solid standard books—one or more in every important town in England—and these booksellers lived by selling books, the case is now that in country towns few live by selling books; the trade has become so profitless that it is generally the appendage to a toy-shop or a Berlin-wool warehouse, and a few trashy novels, selling for a shilling, with flaring colors, suiting the flashy contents; and the bookseller who studies what books are good and worth recommending to his customers has ceased to exist." Though a recent turn in the tide has brought back a large number of small retailers, concerned wholly or chiefly with selling books, the point of the final criticism remains unimpaired.

In the drug trade, it is proposed to restrain noxious superfluity by imposing a legal obligation to give a true description of the materials upon each packet or bottle. Quite recently, a practice has grown up of printing on the cover of many books a tempting contents-bill. We fear, however, that no legal compulsion could convert this into a true description of the contents. Indeed, it appears quite hopeless to check or regulate the output of superfluous books by intervening at the distributing stage. Nor is it easy to suppose that anything can be achieved by appealing to the self-restraint of authors. For an author is the victim of

a perpetual illusion to the effect that his book is wanted, and as long as he can get a publisher to back him up in this belief, he will go on writing books. There is, moreover, no reliable economic check upon his creative output. The producer of ordinary wares demands some tolerable certainty of remuneration for his effort; he is not in business "for his health," nor to be fobbed off by payment in the shape of some possibility of fame. Whereas every publisher is aware that nothing is easier than to tempt an innocent author into putting out prolonged and arduous mental effort into a work which has not the remotest chance of earning him a living wage. This generalization, perhaps, requires one qualification, which goes to the root of the matter. To the publisher, even as to the author, there always shines out in the darkness of the night in which he lives some brilliant star of fortune. One of his books (how can he possibly tell which?) is going to turn out an immense success, and some share of the vast profits which accrue will reach the author. An interesting correspondence in the "Daily News" seems to designate this sudden unforeseen event as the chief cause of the superfluity of books. Every publisher must continually keep baiting his hook in hopes of catching the great fish. He must go on accepting, evoking, and publishing as many books as he can get hold of, on the blind chance that among them may be the prize-book which will bring him in the £10,000 which an anonymous novel is said recently to have secured for its dazzled publisher. As the number of new books swells, the proportion which the prize-book bears to the aggregate naturally diminishes.

Is there no limit to the process in this dwindling chance? A well-informed writer in the "Daily News" says "No." Each publisher, he thinks, must continue at an accelerating pace

this quest for the golden book, so long as other publishers keep racing. An effective agreement among rival publishers to regulate the output appears as impracticable as the agreement of nations on a reduction of armaments. On this point, however, the correspondent does not quite convince us. If, as he contends, with every increase of his output beyond a reasonable limit, the actual net returns show a considerable falling off, it ought to be possible for some new publisher to build up a profitable trade by limiting his output to the production of good books alone, supposing him to have the intelligence to know what are the books which the more discriminate public will agree to recognize as good. In a word, it might be good business to take up publishing once more as a skilled craftsman instead of a gambler or a grocer. Until and unless this is feasible, it seems that author and reader alike are crushed in the cylinders of the printing press. For what chance has a work of genius, or even of high talent, by a new writer in the present tidal rush? The literary tasters, the critics and reviewers, are utterly unable to cope with the flood of new books which flow in rapid succession before their eyes. They cannot pretend to apply satisfactory tests. An inept title, a dull preface, an unattractive table of contents, sends to immediate and eternal oblivion every week scores of really meritorious books. For sheer mental weariness the critic is led to avail himself of every specious opportunity, not for discovering, but for ignoring a new book. Thus the weight of the burden breaks down the only testing apparatus between publisher and public.

In default of authentic guardians, the large reading public is fain to place itself more and more at the disposal of the library clerk, who exerts a tyranny, alike humorous and dangerous, over

the ever-growing number of those who like to handle books. It is his interest to keep books circulating, to repress eccentric demands, and to persuade readers to take away the books it is most profitable to the trade that they should think they want to read. In the last resort, then, the flood of books must be attributed to the indiscriminate voracity of the half-literate public, and is only to be checked by an advance of selective intelligence in readers. The first stage in popular literary education naturally evokes a superstitious desire to amass quantities of low-grade intellectual and emotional experience, using books for this purpose, as the *nouveau riche* uses material forms of property for self-display and

The Nation.

self-realization. Taste, discrimination, nice selection and rejection of books, may come later. Whether they will come, is one of the most urgent open questions of our time. For the comparative insusceptibility to culture of the classes who have enjoyed large intellectual opportunities for several generations must be taken as presumptive, though not final, evidence of some inherent difficulty in the escape of the British mind from the economy of quantity, which we call materialism, into that of quality, which is another name for culture. Until this open question is answered by the course of events, we cannot say whether there is any remedy for the flood of books.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Two subjects, the exhaustion of our natural supplies of solar force and radioactivity, bulk large in the mental processes of Frederick Soddy and energize his book on "Matter and Energy," in the Home University Library. The author is a man not only full of his subject but full of the very latest knowledge about it. He sets himself the task of teaching the fundamentals about matter and force in the limit of 253 pages, at the same time holding out a warning of the dangers of unwise exploitation of our natural resources. He does just this and adds a hopeful prophecy. Henry Holt and Company.

"The Blue Wall," by Richard Washburn Child, is a really mystifying tale of present-day mystery and struggle. To tell the story at all is to spoil the reader's greatest pleasure. It is enough to say that the plot is no mere ingenious fabrication of events, told

from the point of view of different actors, but a series of happenings about the core of a perfectly sound psychological situation. The story told by each narrator is consistent and absorbing. The tale is unusual enough to please lovers of even the yellowest literature, and clever enough and careful enough to interest the most scholarly. The workmanship shows the influence of French craftsmen. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Scum o' the Earth," the poem on the immigrant question that attracted so much attention upon its magazine publication, gives its title to a slender collection of verse by Robert Haven Schauffler. The first poem is a remarkably true ringing expression of deep feeling and intuitive sympathy with the hopes and purposes of our new citizens. It has, moreover, lines of lyric beauty and felicity of phrasing

that would give it distinction even without the force of emotion back of the theme. The other poems are, with the exception of a few, notably a beautiful sonnet called "Growth," of less value as poetry. Many of the shorter poems show the author's musical sensitiveness and keenness of analysis, and all of them have a forcefulness far from mere prettiness of phrase or rhyme. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Henrik Ibsen: Plays and Problems" by Otto Heller is a moderate sized volume of estimate and appreciation that will be found of real value to both the careful student and the more casual reader of Ibsen. In line with popular estimate, the author ranks highest the social plays, and analyzes and comments upon them with particular lucidity. His treatment of the several periods of Ibsen's work and development is thorough and sound, and while not clothed in English of remarkable distinction, his observations are pleasant to read. Discussion of the "woman question" and various other social problems is well handled. All the sources of Ibsen information are back of this treatment and used with scholarly discrimination. The book is provided with careful notes, a good index and the following admirable motto: "Je ne propose rien, je n'impose rien, j'expose." Houghton Mifflin Co.

Andrew Bedient, central character of "Fate Knocks at the Door," by Will Levington Comfort, is a young man destined for great adventures, whom we first meet as a ship's cook overtaken by a typhoon in the China Sea. Life in Luzon, Japan and India brings him daring, courage, suffering and contemplation. He is a strange combination of great physical strength and mysticism. An old sea-captain whom Bedient rescued from the typhoon loves him as a son and founds a fortune for him in an island of the West Indies.

From the old sailor's death-bed, Bedient comes to New York imbued with a mission to teach the place for woman in the modern world. A group of women artists is the field for the serving of the new gospel. A portrait painter, Beth Truba, is destined to be the fulfilment of Bedient's ideals. The book is pervaded by a serious purpose and has a lofty idealism. To the average reader, the mystical portions are not always perfectly clear, but the situations are original and the story is unbackneyed and forceful. J. B. Lippincott Co.

That very modern, evolutionary, and vital, subject of Eugenics is to have a series of books—or booklets, to be exact—all its own. The first three have appeared as "The Method of Race-regeneration" by C. A. Saleeby, "The Problem of Race-regeneration" by Havelock Ellis, "The Declining Birth-Rate" by Arthur Newsholme. Of the three the last, despite the fact that it is largely mere statistics, is the most interesting and instructive. The author does not theorize, does not fear to face facts and state them, does not even twist his facts to fit his theories. He merely emphasizes that remarkable phenomenon of this modern world—the better-educated classes are unwilling to have children. He is not so alarmed as the other two writers over that fact. Mr. Ellis approaches the subject from the viewpoint of the philanthropist and is more interested in preventing the incoming of children-with-a-poor-inheritance than in the birth of the elect. Dr. Saleeby takes an exactly opposite viewpoint. The two latter men go much farther in the matter of paternalism on the part of the government than the ordinary American can follow cheerfully. The books are English. All are well-worth-reading, all are clear, concise, and definite. Moffat, Yard & Co.